

# THE LOG

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## Editorial

**SOUTHERN AFRICA.** The first meeting of the Southern African Council was held in Johannesburg last January, when the new organisation for the L.W.H. was set up. We hope to have some record of this and of other L.W.H. developments in South Africa to publish in the next issue of THE LOG.

MONICA HILL's term of office as General Secretary in Southern Africa comes to an end in August. The Central Executive has appointed **ELSIE POTTER** to take Monica's place and she will be sailing at the end of June. The Southern African Council are undertaking the financial responsibility and hope that the appointment can be for two years. The Central Executive have not been able to commit themselves for sparing Elsie Potter from the home staff for this length of time, but she will be in South Africa at any rate for a year. Monica will return to the Staff at the end of this year.

**L**.W.H. Members who can revive memories of the very early days of the Movement, will have little difficulty in recalling Mrs. Carver who was very often the representative from Yorkshire, and whose enthusiasm was a great help in early days. For some years she had to give up much of her work in L.W.H., partly in order to assist Major Carver in his political work, and partly through ill health. It is with great regret that we record her passing over on February 5th, 1937, at North Cave, East Yorkshire.

**STAFF MOVEMENTS.** **GERTRUDE BOLTON**, after five strenuous years on the L.W.H. Staff, is leaving at the end of March. We hope this will only mean a break of a few months and that next year we shall welcome her back again.

**MARJORIE THOMAS** is leaving the Yorkshire Area for a few months and will be working instead for L.W.H. in the Eastern and Southern Areas.

**KATHLEEN LAWLEY** has finished her course of training at Woodbrook College, Birmingham, and after Easter will go to the Lincolnshire and East Midlands Areas for a few months as Area Secretary.

**MURIEL PETERS**, known to all who have visited L.W.H. Headquarters and who have been welcomed so warmly by her, is leaving to get married in June. We send her our very best wishes and shall miss her very much in the office.

**GWEN CROW** goes back to Australia in June. We have made good use of her on the staff this winter, and she will return with our best wishes for her work as Hon. Area Pilot for the L.W.H. in Western Australia.

**PHYLLIS WOLFE** will be a mobile member of Staff from Easter to the end of the year. In her travels she will include the South-Western and Western Areas and Ireland.

*Owing to the wealth of material awaiting publication "The Literature of Toc H (2)" is unavoidably held over.*



## Edith Cavell---An Appreciation

*This interesting talk comes from Belgium, where it was given to the Brussels Branch, by Madame Bournons. The speaker was one of the sisters with Nurse Cavell and as such, tells of a personal experience.*

IN coming to speak a few words about Miss Cavell my aim is not to awaken bitter thoughts, or to sow seeds of hatred, for those two things were entirely against her principles and foreign to her nature.

Nurses and good training schools for them, were lacking in Belgium and Doctor Depage wished to establish nursing in Belgian hospitals on the lines of our own English system. So in 1907 the Belgian school was founded and Miss Cavell appointed as Matron.

They began with one small house and four nurses—in 1915 they had already sixty nurses, three houses and the present new school. The hospital of St. Gilles and other institutions were in 1913 superintended by nurses trained by Miss Cavell and of whom she was very proud, for she not only loved her work but loved particularly her Belgian pupils whose country she seemed to have adopted as her own.

There were however, other nationalities amongst them—it being extremely difficult in those days to find suitable elements for training. Miss Cavell was indeed fortunate in finding very clever English nursing sisters.

The work was difficult but in her last letter she said how happy she was to have been called to help in the organisation of the school. Her one aim from the beginning was to make her work a success and one can imagine the obstacles to be overcome and the struggle in the beginning. The nurses were young, sometimes seventeen and eighteen years of age and in one case even younger, but the courage of Miss Cavell was great, her unselfishness sublime.

Being matron of a hospital is always a more or less ungrateful task, one must be severe yet just and maintain discipline, in consequence nurses often fear and sometimes dislike their matron. This however, was not

the case with Miss Cavell, for to know her was to love her. She was indeed loved and respected not only by her English sisters but by her cosmopolitan pupils as well.

July, 1914, found Miss Cavell in England on her annual holiday. Towards the end of July, rumours of war began to worry the staff who anxiously awaited her return, following which the school became the scene of great activity and Red Cross hospitals were organised in many places. Shortly afterwards the Germans took possession of the hospital of St. Gilles, after which many nurses and sisters left for the front. Miss Cavell followed them continually in thought and humbly proud of being able to send her nurses to help she was always anxious to obtain news of them. Not long before her death, she told someone how sad it was to be without news of her mother and her nurses—certainly the two most important things in her life.

Eventually allied soldiers were brought from around Mons and sheltered at the school. From Brussels they were taken—often at dawn—by Miss Cavell herself, to a certain place where guides, who had been previously instructed, met them and took them on to the frontier. It sometimes happened however, that their plans were frustrated, in which case they were obliged to return to the school where they often remained for several days or more.

This, as you may imagine, involved great worry and responsibility especially as money was short and food rationed, but through these trying moments she was admirably helped by Sister Wilkins. Undesirable people who knew of her efforts tried to obtain money from her, failing which they threatened to denounce her, but, nothing daunted, she carried on her noble work to the end. The poor and needy also came for help and all went away comforted.

Her main desire was to save the boys at any price and she took no thought of danger



for herself. Yet this was not an easy task for the boys were in many cases young, and had been in hiding for months, some indeed took too much for granted, not realizing for a moment the difficulties and dangers of their journeys. Once there was a Frenchman in hiding who came back again and again saying that it was impossible to pass. Her little English maid also came home one day very excited saying that a gentleman had brought news of her brother whom he hoped Miss Cavell would help to pass the frontier.

We were surrounded by spies and Sister Wilkins and myself, foreseeing danger ahead, advised Miss Cavell to cease, but she preferred to continue.

The new school was being built and we went daily to inspect the work and to watch the progress and make plans for our rooms, etc. Miss Cavell could not or would not decide upon any room for herself having a strange presentiment that she would never enter there, indeed a short time afterwards during her morning inspection a maid came to say that the Germans were awaiting her in her office. Meantime Sister Wilkins had been able to warn the few remaining soldiers who escaped hatless, coatless, and in slippers.

Miss Cavell gave no outward or visible sign of emotion but walked back to the school where she was questioned and her papers examined by the German police. After their departure Sister Wilkins and myself insisted that she should burn all papers relating to the efforts she had made to help the allied soldiers. Next day, however, another search was made, and Sister Wilkins was taken to the secret police headquarters where she was questioned for two hours.

We then implored Miss Cavell to leave for England or to hide. This she refused to do fearing danger for the two remaining English sisters. The dark moment arrived all too soon and Miss Cavell was arrested, Sister Wilkins was told to be ready as well but fortunately she was liberated later, and came back to take charge of the school.

During the two months Miss Cavell was in prison she daily refused the special food allowed to political prisoners, and contented herself with prison fare, except on Sundays,

when we sent her food from the school. The following letter written to her nurses is very touching—one feels how much she loved liberty and how much patience was necessary. That the new school was making progress filled her with contentment, and she expresses hopes of seeing it again before long.

Prison St. Gilles, September 14th, 1915.

My dear Nurses,

Your charming letter gave me a great pleasure and your lovely flowers have made my cell gay—the roses are still fresh, but the chrysanthemums did not like prison any more than I do, hence they did not live very long.

I am happy to know that you are working well, that you are devoted to your patients and that they are happy in your services. It is necessary that you should study well, for some of you must shortly sit for your examinations and I want you very much to succeed. The year's course will commence shortly, try to profit from it, and to be punctual at lectures so that your professor need not be kept waiting.

In everything one can learn new lessons of life, and if you were in my place you would realise how precious liberty is and would certainly undertake never to abuse it.

To be a good nurse one must have lots of patience—here one learns to have that quality, I assure you.

It appears that the school is advancing—I hope to see it again one of these days as well as all my young ladies.

Au revoir, be really good.

Your devoted Matron,  
Edith Cavell.

One could feel her thoughts always with us and although Sister Wilkins and myself did our best to carry on we felt the need of her presence and missed her wise counsels. Through the kindness of a German detective we often got messages from her to cheer and comfort us. Through his kindness also, we were able to visit her once, and to the four of us who were so privileged the memory of that moment is unforgettable. She looked so frail as she walked down the corridor between two German soldiers. After greeting us she was called away to be questioned.



She returned later and remained with us for an hour.

She spoke of the school, of her nurses, and begged Sister Wilkins and myself to remain until her return; she asked for necessary clothing to be sent for her journey, but alas! she little thought that the journey she was soon to take did not require that kind of preparation.

Two days before her death she wrote saying good-bye to her nurses and one is struck at the calm serenity and clarity of her mind, in spite of two months' imprisonment and many months of mental torment and anguish. She speaks of past difficulties in the school, explaining how necessary it is in life's work to stop and look around in order to contemplate, and take account of one's mistakes and one's progress.

She begs them not to forget their evening talks and expresses regret that she has not known each nurse better individually, telling them that devotion to duty and unselfishness alone can bring true happiness, and that doing their duty towards God and their fellow creatures would sustain them through life's difficulties even in the face of death.

Prison of St. Gilles,  
10th Oct, 1915.

My dear Nurses,

This is a very sad moment for me when I write you to say good-bye.

I would recall that the 17th September saw the end of the eight years of my control of the school. I was so happy to be called to help in the organisation of the work that our committee founded.

On the 1st October, 1907, there were only four young ladies—now you are numerous. In all between fifty and sixty I think, including those who have taken their diplomas and left the school.

I have on many occasions told you the story of those early days and the difficulties we met with, even the very choice of terms to describe your hours of duty "*de série*" and "*hors de série*," etc., as everything was then new in the profession in Belgium.

Little by little one service after another was established, the certified nurses for work in private houses, the nurses for

school work, the St. Gilles' hospital, the Institute of Doctor Mayer and Doctor Depage, the Sanatorium at Buysinghem, and now many are called (as you may be perhaps) to look after the brave war wounded. If during the last year our work has been reduced, the cause can be found in the very sad times through which we are passing. In the brighter days our work will recover its growth and all its power for doing good.

If I speak to you of the past it is because it is sometimes good to stop and to contemplate the road we have travelled, and to judge for ourselves our errors and our progress.

In our lovely house you will have more patients and you will have everything that is necessary for theirs and your comfort.

My great regret is that I have not always been able to talk to you very much individually, you know that I have been much occupied but I hope that you will not forget our evening talks. I have told you that devotion will give you real happiness and the thought that you have done your entire duty before God and yourselves, with a willing heart, will be a great support in the worst moments of life—and in the face of death.

There will be two or three of you who will recall the little talks we have had together, don't forget them; being so far in life I can perhaps see more clearly than you and can show you the right road. One further word—shun evil speaking—and I would say love your country with all your heart.

I have seen so much unhappiness that could have been avoided during the past eight years—if a little word had not been whispered here and there, perhaps without evil intention, but, it has ruined the reputation, the happiness, even the life of someone.

My Nurses, all have need to think of this and to cultivate amongst them loyalty and "*esprit de corps*."

If there is one amongst you who has a complaint against me I ask your pardon. I have perhaps been too severe but never knowingly unjust. I have loved you all, much more than you believe.



My wishes are for the happiness of all my young ladies, as much for those who have left the school as for those who are still left in it, and thank you for the kindness you have always shown towards me.

Your devoted Matron,

Edith Cavell.

The sad news of her condemnation came very suddenly. In spite of frantic efforts by Sister Wilkins and other people during the night of October 11th, no reprieve was available.

The Rev. Mr. Gahan was then admitted to the prison and administered the sacrament of Holy Communion to her. The nurses were all in despair on hearing the news, and Sister Wilkins, accompanied by two Dutch nurses, went to the prison at dawn in time to see

Miss Cavell pass on her last journey. She sat between armed guards—erect—without any outward or visible sign of emotion.

On the sadness of her death we will not dwell for she would not have wished it, she certainly made her life sublime—“and departing left behind her—footprints on the sand of time.”

At the Belgian school which now bears her name, her work has continued and prospered. They have now a Belgian Matron who has done marvellous work, and could Miss Cavell come back for a brief moment her joy would be great to see the fruit brought forth by her work of patience. She would be so proud of her school and her nurses. Equally proud to-day are the nurses who can call themselves “Edith Cavell Hospital” trained.

(Note.—The letters are in French in the original and have been translated into English.)



## The Women of the West

In the slab-built, zinc-roofed homestead of some lately taken run,  
In the tent beside the bankment of a railway just begun,  
In the huts on new selections, in the camps of man's unrest,  
On the frontiers of the Nation, live the Women of the West.  
The red sun robs their beauty, and in weariness and in pain  
The slow years steal the nameless grace that never comes again.  
And there are hours men cannot soothe, and words men cannot say—  
The nearest woman's face may be a hundred miles away.

George Essex Evans

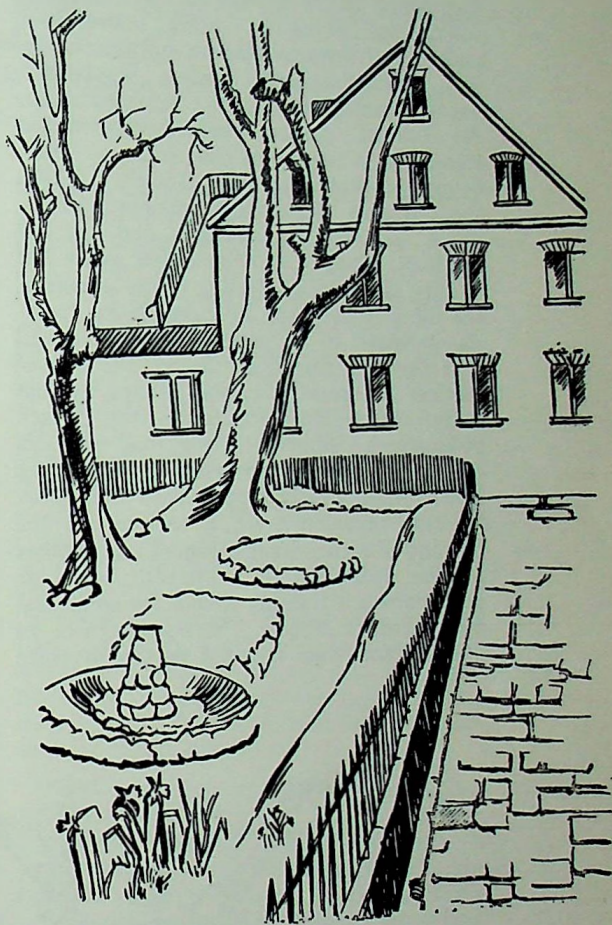
Tubby sent this verse to the Log; it has been echoing through his head, he writes, for a long time and happening on the actual lines copied by himself ten years ago in West Australia, he kindly passed them on.



## The Opening of L.W.H. Headquarters

**J**UST on the North side of All Hallows' Berkyngeschirke there lies a curious little building, close to the railings of the church garden and yet still on the pavement. This building has been given various names—a Wedge of Cheese, a Mushroom Monstrosity, a Swiss Chalet—according to the outlook of the observer. A wedge of cheese describes its shape very aptly. The term "mushroom monstrosity" obviously falls from the lips of those whose aim in life it is to make Tower Hill a garden and to sweep away monuments of ugliness which disfigure what might be a beautiful open space and recreation ground. But why mushroom? Herein lies a tale, for this funny little building which is indeed of mushroom growth, sprang up in the first place merely as a shelter over the exit from Mark Lane Underground Station which in dirty weather allowed the rain to pour down the steps into the station. This shelter grew from the size of an umbrella to a small three-storied building by silent and slow degrees, until it has been there so long that nobody can now legally remove it. In years to come, when Tower Hill Improvement has its way, the mushroom will no doubt be cut down, but that time has not yet come.

On the lower side of the All Hallows' garden there stand blocks of high buildings; and on the top floors of one of these at the corner of Great Tower Street was the first L.W.H. Hostel. Thirteen years ago, weary and belated New Juniors, climbing ninety steps on their way home to bath and bed after meetings, clubs and other diversions, were often cheered by a glimpse of something through the north windows which made them think of other countries and contrasting occupations. In the night the stark severity of city buildings becomes transformed. Through the branches of the trees there appear the sloping roofs of a Swiss chalet, with light falling from its windows and dark masses all around which might be distant mountains. On the right, the sheer cliffs of Mount Mazawattee, on the left the gentler outline of the mountain of All Saints' and beyond, range after range of the heights of City Buildings.



**The New Headquarters**  
with the Churchyard of All Hallows in the foreground.  
Seen from the Lunch Club

All this is by way of introduction to what most of our readers will see in the cold and ordinary light of day—our new L.W.H. Headquarters Offices on the upper floors of No. 18 Byward Street, directly opposite Mark Lane Station (beware of the crossing which is one of the most dangerous in London), in the protecting shadow of All Hallows', within signalling distance of New June and the New June Lunch Club, and with a commanding view of the various

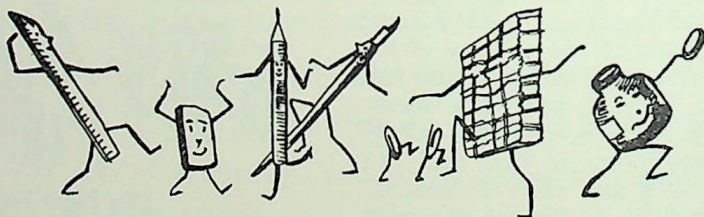


roads leading into the city from Tower Hill and the east. On Thursday, March 4th, a motley gathering made their way up the stairs to the second floor of No. 18, where they found offices transformed into reception rooms, full of light, flowers, conversation and tea. Everyone made a full tour of the two floors inspecting rooms, cupboards, doors, peering through the windows at the All Hallows' garden where Gen's fountain stood like a statue in the midst of snow-drops and winter aconites. Toc H, L.W.H., the overseas department, chance visitors, wives, fiancées, our landlords, and, last but not least, Magnus and Smuts lent grace and dignity and a family feeling to the assembly. On the arrival of the Founder Padre everyone gathered in the general office. He said that he had searched through the list of services for special occasions offered by that rather old-fashioned institution, the Church of England. Apparently they had not been completely brought up to date, as the ones which most nearly approached suitability for this occasion were a service for the opening of a ruri-decanal school and another for the dedication of a life-boat; yet here perhaps was a training school for some and a life-boat for others. There seems to be an opening for some inspired person to write

a service for the blessing and sanctifying of type-writers and other office equipment, not to mention the staff itself!

Christ in the common ways of life—that seemed to be the Founder Padre's theme. He began with the sorting of letters in the Post Office, and the postman on his rounds being greeted up here with smiles; then there were the street cleaners, that very important yet most neglected group of folk, a team of them having their little shelter for themselves and their tools just beneath our office windows; the office cleaners; the type-writers, paper, pencils, pens and india rubber, the telephone and office pins; and then the persons themselves, the Staff who work there, Area Staff who spend "between times" there, the visitors from home and overseas who call—and we had now come to dedicate the whole of this to God. There are many offices in the city, most of them concerned with the supply of our bodily needs. Here we have an office, perhaps the only one at this end of the city, which exists for a definitely religious purpose. Above and below the work goes on in this building—on the ground floor by City Forwarding Agents; upstairs by Toc H L.W.H.—forwarding agents of the Kingdom of God.

A. B. S. M.



### Social Note from Headquarters—

We congratulate the Editor of THE LOG on the arrival of a son and heir. Mrs. L. Prideaux-Brune (Overseas Links Secretary) on the birth of a daughter.



## Ekutuleni

*The following are extracts from some of the more recent circular letters from Dorothy Maud, to whose work in Sophiatown, Johannesburg, a portion of our festival collections was sent. With the permission of Mrs. Maud, we have taken some paragraphs from three different letters and hope in this way to give L. W. H. members some idea of the splendid work Miss Maud is doing and of its tremendous use in the native locations.*

January 10th, 1936.

I WISH you could have seen the Nativity Play there. We did it on the Sundays before and after Christmas, and the broad, wide Sanctuary with its many steps made such a perfect stage. We had grey curtains veiling the Altar at the back, until the end, and then we drew back the curtains showing such a glorious, triumphant Altar, shining with flowers and candles, and Father Raynes came in with his servers, and we had the Gloria and prayers to end the whole act of worship. It was all so lovely, and there are tiny pictures which stand out with poignant beauty, as when Our Lady comes running up with such a happy rush towards S. Elizabeth, and then stands rapt, singing the Magnificat. And again, when Daniel (who is having a good spell at the moment, and is Head server, and is still as nice as ever) comes up the middle of the Church, looking superb as the King, refusing to be hurried in any way, and swinging his censer, as only a native can, his two minute pages holding out his glowing silk train of blue and red (one keeping his distance very firmly with half an eye cocked on the censer, which has a way of swinging rather near his small jaw!) Up the sweep higher and higher, right up to the Mother and the Baby King, and then all the pomp is abased in such lowly worship and deep adoration.

A brave experiment was made this year, by the Head Mistress of Roedean, which is the grand school for white young ladies here. She asked us to take the Play there, and act it before her girls. It was the first time that natives had ever acted to whites, and we had such a business bringing it off, as natives aren't allowed on trams, so they couldn't rehearse there at all, and we had to

borrow a lorry from a dear Mine Manager who made it all easy for us. I had some faithless fears as to what the girls would make of it, and whether they would think my lovely shepherds and Kings were sort of nigger minstrels; but I was all wrong, for it went gloriously, and the girls were an excellent audience, and simply loved it. One of the staff said she had never been so impressed in her life; and afterwards they insisted on taking endless photographs of them, and as soon as we'd undressed, they made them sit on the lawn, and the girls themselves brought round lemonade and buns and fed them, and were so friendly and nice. As our pets drove off on the lorry the whole of Roedean cheered them off, and I felt very weak watching squint-eyed Jacob waving a somewhat tattered cap, the while Nathaniel assured them he hoped they'd meet again! It was a good bit of entente work, I think, thank God.

There is no time to tell of our parties for 1,750 children, especially the one in New Clare, which was the first in its history. I wondered a bit where the money would come from for so many this year, but I can't think why I ever wonder about money, when God is so good to us, for it all came in miraculously, and there was enough to give a party to the darling old women as well. (Agatha feeds these each week with Government rations.) The white man who brings out the sacks, gave us a packet of sugar as his present for them, and so as well as an extra bag of sugar, we gave each  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of tea, and a tea-party. Before that we took them over to Church, where we've got such a perfect Crib, and I talked to them about it. Then I went away the next week, so missed a most heavenly sequel, which was that the old lambs insisted on coming the next Friday with presents of their own, which they gave



round the Crib to say, Thank-you to Our Lord.

\* \* \*

There's so much to thank God for, but don't think that it all goes swimming ahead quite easily, for there are daily woes and heartbreaks, and we fail just over and over again. One of the most difficult bits of work we've had this last year has been trying to make some sort of attack upon New Clare, which is one of the worst slums in the world on the far fringe of the Location. Father Raynes hired a tiny room (12 x 10 ft.) last February and we started a Sunday School and Sunday services. The Sunday School has now grown to 160, and Father felt it was time to have a teaching Mission for the grown-ups there. So we all gave a week to intensive visiting before the Mission in December. It's rather a wonderful experience visiting in New Clare, but you couldn't ever attempt it without a very great deal of prayer behind you. There aren't any numbers on the houses, so you just have to ask the Holy Spirit to take you where He wants, and you start talking to any woman you pass in the street, or any groups round doorsteps. They don't talk much English, so it means ploughing along in Sesuto or Zulu or Dutch, just begging them to come back to God and the Church, for so many of them have been baptised, but have lapsed. Sometimes it feels so utterly hopeless, but lovely things do happen, and stray people one had met in the street really turned up in the evening to the Mission services, and lots came right back. One evening I went round again just before the service to shepherd some I'd found. One woman, Netty, who was very sorry for herself, and said her finger was too sore to come. When I asked what was the matter she said, "Another lady bit the top of my finger off," and proceeded to produce said trophy from a tea cup!! I whisked her off to see Father, and then dealt with the finger question via the Hospital. I became entirely brazen too about visiting the various men who had omitted to marry the ladies of their choice, and found myself going from room to room urging one man after another to get married.

Needless to say all this excitement roused the devil up a lot, and he found something very ingenious to do. One has heard of him

putting a spoke in a wheel, but only New Clare drove him to think of putting a ball-bearing into the ear of our one faithful catechist; but that was what happened. On the first day of the Mission, Ramela, who is a glorious unpaid catechist, and knows all the people there, went to Hospital with awful pain in his ear, and only after three operations and a fortnight there, did they extract a ball-bearing from his ear. Well, well, well, there's no knowing what the devil won't do next! But in spite of him, we're quite determined that the New Clare children must have a Day School, which we can use for Sunday School and for services for the grown-ups. We went hunting round after the Mission for some land to build on, and I found that a stand costs about £150 in New Clare. I also found that a lot of land belonged to a Scotsman, called Skinner, so I rang him up the next day and asked whether I could come and see him. As he seemed friendly, I proceeded to ask him whether he'd give us some land for a School, and the next day, when Fr. Raynes and I went to see him, he produced a map showing a bit of waste ground which he *would give us*. We nearly fell off his exquisitely upholstered divan, but clung on, and realised that it was true, and that we'd got the land. Now we set to work to pray together for the £600 to build a School-Church. Will you, of your dear charity, pray too? I know perfectly well that it will come, if God wants these children taught, which I can't help feeling He does, and if we all pray, all must be well.

\* \* \*

November 5th, 1936.

Another thing that fills our hearts with joy is Thabong—the Nursery School. I can't remember how far it was established when I last wrote, but within a week of opening we had a steady 20 coming, and since the official opening the children have come more and more and now we have 40 on the list. We could take in 50 or perhaps 60, and it's all gloriously encouraging, as it shows the mothers trust us. It certainly is a Place of Joy, for the children are completely blissful all day long, and when the mothers fetch them away in the evening, they all go off smiling, with such real pleasure at the loveliness of the school. They certainly are



enough to witch the heart out of anyone, and I longed to take Maria and Asiena round with me last week when I went begging from the shops for them. The babies were very busy praying, and lots of others here too, and I was beautifully shamed by them when I came back, a bit weary in foot and soul, after not a very successful time. Madiseng, our gardener, looked at me wonderingly when I complained, and said very quietly, "Sister must not be impatient. Sister told us to pray. Sister knows the money must come." Blessed be God for shaming me so encouragingly. And God was so forgiving, for to-day came two letters from wonderful people who read this letter, sending £50 and £10 to shame me and send me on my way rejoicing. I go out to-morrow again round the offices to try and get the rest of the babies' bread and treacle, and I'm hoping they will not be like one priceless native who came to explain to Father why he hadn't paid his Church dues, and said that at the moment he was "financially indisposed" . . . !

\* \* \*

We are having a great discussion under our excellent new Chairman, Mr. Hildick Smith about co-ordinating Ekutuleni, Thabong, Leseding, the Church, Schools, Nursing Home, etc., under one Finance Committee. Sometimes it makes me a bit afraid that we may get too business-like and efficient, and lose the spirit of faith and prayer that has built up everything: but I think that is cowardly, and we mustn't fear being business-like, if we can keep the spirit flaming in everything that is done. To help that on we've had two very lovely Quiet Days at Leseding—one for us staff, when one thing seemed to shine out . . . that persistent union with Christ was the only hope of being able to face the crises that go on arising, and that we'd got to be "hopelessly and completely involved with Our Lord" in everything we attempted.

\* \* \*

Other excitements include the inoculation of the whole 1,200 in the schools against typhoid. It's a big business, but it ought to be very worth while. We're also trying to make plans with the local landowners (native and coloured) to help keep down the

lawlessness in the streets, and it's so lovely the way they begin to trust us, and come along to discuss things like that with Father and me. I find I've got on to another sheet, and I didn't mean to weary you with any more, but as I have arrived here, I must just end by telling you a lovely remark of our Orlando Julia's. She was talking to Peg about the work at Orlando, which is simply full of difficulties and muddles.

Suddenly she broke off, and looked off into space, in a way she has, and said "Sister, when we used to build a hut in the country, we took a great big pole first, and set it up in the middle; then we got other smaller poles and from that the hut began to grow, but it was all built round that centre pole. You are building here, Sister, but Our Lord has first set Himself in the midst as the centre pole of our hut, so we need not fear whatever happens. He is always there and round Him it will all be built." Pray that we go on remembering that, and never are tempted to think that the need of money or the difficulties of the work are anything to be compared with that glorious heart of everything—Christ the King.

\* \* \*

January 8th, 1937.

I want to begin by thanking you all for the marvellous way you have gone on helping us, not only with the money which just keeps everything going, but by all the faithful prayers, without which it would just be silly for us to attempt this work. May Our Lord bless it to you in His best blessings on you through this year. I wish you had the fun which we have of seeing the prayers being answered. Last Sunday was a great Sunday for us who have been working in New Clare. I think you know that this is a very bad slum adjoining the far end of our Western Native Township, where we have been having services and Sunday School for anything up to 150 children in a room 10 ft. by 12 ft., for over a year. The people were coming so well, that we knew we must try to get a Mission Church there, which could be used for a Day School through the week, and try to train up some of the hundreds of children who are just running wild with nothing to help them. There have been such incredible



difficulties over getting it built, but at long last it is really up, and we were able to use it for our Sunday School party there, when 300 children came and were very happy. Last Sunday, though it wasn't officially blessed, as that has been put off till the 24th, we had to leave the old room so as to save paying rent, and so we all processed from there to the dear new Church of S. Francis, Oh, such a procession, with crowds of children, all careering through the dust and singing hymns on the very top note. It was so marvellous to sit there and know that from now onwards we shall be able to organise that Sunday School with a little more hope of the children learning something.

\* \* \*

We certainly are very, very blessed people, and what cheers us even more is the growing trust amongst the natives. The way the babies come to the Nursery School is one constant proof of this, and then there was a new experiment just last month, when money was raised to send some sick native children away to Natal for a holiday. Not one child from the Eastern Township could be found whose parents would allow it to go, but I went round to five of our children, and the mothers agreed straight away, and they all turned up and went off, simply enchanted, for a fortnight by the sea.

\* \* \*

We are in the midst of a great task for the health of the children. There is a charming Swiss Doctor Grasset, who is a brilliant research Doctor at the Research Institute here. His wife is on Thabong Committee, and they came out here one day, and he said he would like to start the children being inoculated against enteric. After a lot of work, he got all the serum free from the Institute, and he and his wife have been out every Wednesday, and have already inoculated 720 of our children through S. Cyprian's and S. Mary Magdalene's. We wrote a letter to every single parent in their own language, asking for permission, and trying to explain what it was for. Only four refused, one of them being in these lovely terms, before the second injection of one child—"Dear Sister, you did stik (sic) this child last week, now you musn't again please. I am his Mother."

The lovely thing was that we didn't have more of those letters, but as the weeks went on we had Mothers from outside the school coming and asking that their children might be done. The Doctor half way through discovered a new marvellous serum which fights against pneumonia as well as enteric, so it ought to be a big help to the health of the children.

\* \* \*

Christmas was, as ever, very happy. We found we had entertained just on 2,000 people in the end of the day, and it had all been so happy. Every penny to pay for it was given as Christmas presents to Ekutuleni, and perhaps the most precious money given came from what we call the Old Pets—the starving old women whom we feed week by week with Government rations, and whom Agatha and Cecily preach to beforehand. They had some tea and sugar given them just before Christmas, and I talked to them round the Crib in Church. Afterwards Granny Teefah came to me, rather distressed and said, "Sister, we were not prepared for the Baby to-day, may we come again next week?"

So after they'd been fed next week, they came to the Crib again, and one by one they came up, and knelt down in front of the Baby, and gave their presents, some 1s., some 6d. and some 1d., but so reverently and so lovingly. I felt it was very holy money, and we are going to use it to buy a bowl for private baptisms in the Hospital. The Sunday School children had the great joy of giving their money to buy a picture for the Children's Ward of the Hospital, and to give them presents, and the bigger ones saved up to send presents to the native lepers in the Pretoria Leper Hospital, where apparently they would have had very little without those gifts.

\* \* \*

So now we start off on a new term, and I shan't know myself, as they are building me a tiny office of my own at the other end of the stoep, where I can work with slightly less interruptions, and with a telephone of my own, and a most lovely new writing desk that the staff gave me for Christmas. I ought to be so efficient now, and I do hope I may be! But there are only about 13



weeks to work now, for on April 9th Peg and I hope to sail, so we ought to be home by April 23rd, and after a bit, perhaps I may come and say thank you to some of you in person, which I should love to do. It will be very lovely to be home, though I shall hate leaving all this, and before I go, we've got to get through the plans for the new S. Cyprian's School for 900 children, which is going to be the big task of 1937. It will fall mainly on Fr. Raynes, and we

have been pushed into it by the wonderful fact that the Education Department has given us 16 additional teachers for here and Orlando and New Clare, so now we've got to accommodate them properly. For years I've known we must rebuild S. Cyprian's, and now before we want to, we find ourselves pushed into it. But it's very encouraging, and if we all pray, God will fit it into His Pattern for the work here, we shall find it happening.

## Christmas "Party"-Culars

*An account of a party given by the Islington L.W.H. to children of poor and unemployed parents, on January 23, 1937.*

THE party preparations really began the week before, when five of us met to deliver the invitations. We were greeted at nearly every house with: "Oh, yes, Miss, they'll be able to come, thank you!" and in one case by the cryptic remark: "Yes, she'll be able to come. Mum's got her all curled up ready." Thus an evening which had seemed to hold prospects of a nightmare, showed signs of turning out to be most enjoyable.

On Friday, the 22nd, seven of us gathered at the club to decorate the Xmas Tree and get everything ready for the next day, and by 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, the 23rd, four of our members and one friend had gathered to make sandwiches and arrange about fourteen dozen cakes. Our helpers numbered eight by the time the first visitors arrived at 4 o'clock, and then the fun began. Tea was over by 5 o'clock, and chairs were then pushed back, tables cleared and removed from the room. Four more helpers arrived, including Father Xmas, though not yet in his "glad rags."

Games followed, "Oranges and Lemons" proved very popular. "The Vacant Chair" was another favourite, and everyone joined in "Musical Chairs," "Musical Mat," and "Nursery Rhymes." The Y.M.C.A. Captain arrived in the middle of "Nursery Rhymes," with the news that Miss Austin

was coming with some of her little dancers to entertain the children. This came as a pleasant surprise to us all. The Y.M.C.A. members, on whom we had called for help in entertaining the children, were unable to come themselves, and Mr. Vogler, the Warden at Poole's Park, had kindly got into touch with Miss Letty Austin the night before, and at very short notice she had arranged to bring some of her pupils. They gave a delightful performance, and the children enjoyed every bit of it.

A loud knock at the door, heralded the approach of Father Xmas. No need to ask who said "Come in," for the yell which answered the knock could be heard in the street. Luckily, our Father Xmas was built to withstand unexpected onslaught, for otherwise he would have been squashed flat.

The Christmas Tree proved a great success, and after all had received their gifts and prizes, hats and coats were donned preparatory to departure. Each child was supplied with a brown paper carrier in which to take the toys home, and as they went through the door, were given a bag of sweets, an orange, and a new penny. As the last child disappeared round the corner, we staggered downstairs to rest our weary limbs, but I think we were all agreed that the children were not the only ones who enjoyed the party.



## The Central Conference

THE *Central Conference* was held at Pierhead House on February 6th and 7th, 1937. Members from the Central Executive, Staff and Hon. Area Secretaries were present, about 40 in all. South Africa, Australia and Canada were represented as well. Talks and discussions followed hard on each other from Saturday morning until Sunday evening, and were a follow-up of the Conference held after

the Council meeting in November. These included Free or Progressive Membership, the place and value of Symbols in the L.W.H., and how Development should be planned. The Conference was very glad to have with them Padre Bobs Ford, who led a session on Saturday evening and celebrated in the Chapel on Sunday morning.



*From a photograph taken by Helen Benbow (General Secretary)*

### MEMBERS OF THE CENTRAL CONFERENCE.

PIERHEAD HOUSE, WAPPING,

6th February, 1937.

D. HYDE (N. Area), P. W. WOLFE (L.W.H. Staff), MRS. PALMER (S.W. Area),  
 L. PICKERING (S.E. Area), N. KEELING (Central Executive), G. WEBB (Central Executive),  
 MRS. HORNE (Hon. Treasurer), MRS. TWINCH (N.W. Area), E. M. THOMAS (L.W.H. Staff),  
 M. HUTSON (Scotland), R. RADFORD (Central Executive), E. MASON (W. Midlands),  
 E. C. POTTER (L.W.H. Staff), J. WELCH (Central Executive), W. E. BEXTON (E. Midlands),  
 N. BROWN (Scotland), F. MASON (W. Midlands), R. A. LEFLEY (Lincs.),  
 G. CROW (W. Australia), M. KIRBY (Central Executive), L. A. MCMURTRIE (S.W. Area),  
 A. B. S. MACFIE (Founder Pilot), G. BOLTON (L.W.H. Staff), MRS. E. WEBB (S. Wales),  
 MRS. WOODS (N. Area), J. ROSE (S. Africa), MRS. ELLISON (Central Executive),  
 MRS. KENT (Central Executive), S. LAWRENCE (London), K. LAWLEY (L.W.H. Staff),  
 MRS. GODDEN (W. Area), J. MEIKLEJOHN (Central Executive).



## Two Franks and a Tom

NO one can realize, who does not live in the old house at 42, Trinity Square, how many deaths occur within the family of Toc H, especially in that period of the year which corresponds with the small hours after midnight, when life is at its lowest ebb. To-day three deaths have been reported. Another has now come by the night post, which brought a card signed "Frank," sent from North London. The card runs thus, I think it is worth quoting:

Just a line to tell you my dear Mother passed on last Monday. She was grateful for your visit and had your signed portrait before her in our front room. She was only ill one week and did not suffer much. The tired heart simply gave up. For her we will not grieve, nor please for me, because I am utterly conscious of the fulfilment of the Divine Will. All is for the best and I shall hope to be in my place at All Hallows next Tuesday for the Feast of the Blessed Polycarp who for 86 years served his Master, as so many have done since.

The Frank in question is, in a long list of living friends who bear that name, the second. The first must be Frank Gales; the second, Frank Johnson. I would like to write a little about both; in order that my readers (if there are some), or those who in the future dive into the semi-literary remains of a deceased incumbent, may get ideas as to the comic way in which the angels flung us all together.

When I went down to Portsea in 1910, St. Mary's Company, the oldest church boys' club in the South of England, was rather in the doldrums at the time. Reform and revolution and renewal occurred in due succession; two men who still survive (for most of them went under the sea), are Frank Gales and George Potter. These two have played a part in building up Toc H which cannot be described by me, but must be left to the imagination of those who realize, as Andrew Marvell said, "How much one man can do who doth but act and know."

Frank Gales came first. His brother Harry Gales was a formidable figure in the Dockyard. Frank was a bank clerk in Chichester,

a sportsman and a hero to the juniors, a friend all round, and a most trusted leader.

The club thrived under him and grew until its Communicants' Roll at Easter, 1914, was 746 in number. The club was run as a democracy and the committees worked as none I have known since; for each committeeman had 30 members for whom he was particularly responsible, to the extent of throwing stones at window-panes in the north country way in order to awaken them for worship at a monthly corporate Communion.

Frank Gales was chief of staff throughout this period. George Potter then came in from a famous mission district of St. Wilfrid. His family had come back from Australia and he became a shipwright in the dockyard. I must not now describe his early period at the outbreak of war in the Iron Duke: his transference to the Queen Elizabeth; his winning of promotion at Gallipoli, and his commission from the lower deck. In 1925 he started Toc H, Malta, and should be known henceforth throughout Toc H as the true founder of our naval membership, picking each man with care and building slowly. Only to-day I heard from a Commander, who was not writing on this special subject, and is not yet a member of Toc H, that "my own admiration for Toc H has grown from the fact that every sailor I have met and who was a member was also a stout fellow and always ready to help in any good cause. I believe this to be the experience of many." This is the work of George in the first place; for like breeds like, and he picked our first men to represent Toc H within the Fleet.

Let me return to Frank I, that is Frank Gales. In Talbot House he was a well-known figure, having come out there as a field gunner, popular in Flanders as at home. In 1916 he was badly wounded and put in an ambulance, which then got terribly shelled on its way down. Two other wounded patients were killed upon their stretchers in the car, and Frank received additional wounds, including a fractured femur. No one believed that he could recover.



I saw him next when I was home on leave, in the Cosham Hospital, where he spent two years recovering and learning to hobble to and fro. Deafness had come, a permanent affliction. In spite of all, his straight life brought him back.

In 1919 he limped back to work when I was up at Knutsford in the prison. In 1920 he married and was stationed at a Bank in Saffron Walden, when he invited me to preach by an arrangement with his father-in-law, then Vicar of the place. This was, in fact, the first time I addressed the Church of England upon the subject of Toc H to-be. The first collection made for Toc H in any church in the British Empire, was at Saffron Walden, from an evening congregation, and amounted to £3 5s. 0d., or something of the kind. The next big effort took place at Northampton, where Geoffrey Lunt, now Bishop of Bradford, allowed me to hold forth one Sunday evening and sent me away amazed and startled with an offertory of £20.

Frank I then moved to Croydon, and since then has steadily remained a working member, his home surrounded now by hundreds, organized in groups and branches, districts, and almost areas, which look upon him with no small regard; though few can realize what he has done. His family are Toc H illustrations.

Frank II, who wrote the postcard I received tonight, is a small, spectacled affair, who looks to-day normally like a thin moonbeam, but far more like a sunbeam when he smiles. No one who does not know the British army could possibly imagine that this wisp could have been a stretcher-bearer and very popular in his battalion. Throughout almost two years of Talbot House he came and went, receiving and bestowing the spiritual strength on which he lives. He was then gassed and blinded for two years. Sight returned, and he still carries on. He is a chief cashier in an old business, a man of trust in all senses of the word.

In 1920 he was one of the forty surviving members who attended the first meeting of Toc H in London, under the chairmanship of Reggie May.

I knew his Mother was his greatest trust. For twenty years I never called on them, but

one night last autumn I went up to see a cluster of North London units and managed to look in for a few moments upon the lady who had given him birth. I had a cup of tea at 10 p.m., while she was waiting up for his return from the meeting of Toc H which he had attended. She was well used to it and understood. *Almost on every day for 18 years, silently*—an actual fact—this man has made his Communion before he goes to work, and that right early. His spiritual life is as still waters, his witness unpretentious but suddenly and strikingly direct when he considers that the time has come.

As the first member in North London district he certainly deserves to be recalled: and here tonight there comes a postcard from him saying that she is gone and he is alone. "Alone" he did not say; he need not say it.

And now for Tom, his surname Coniam. I first met him in 1923, if I remember rightly, opening a door. The door he opened to admit my entrance was No. 17A, Collingham Gardens. The last ten years, which have brought many changes in the affairs of mankind as a whole, during which two or more dictators have arisen, thrones changed occupants and maps changed colour, and wars and rumours of wars encircled the globe, have also been successful in removing the "A" from the 17, which now stands out an unconditioned numeral.

In any case, the house does take some finding. When you have reached the Square, you then begin. There seems to be no sequence in the numbers, and you march round and round investigating corner houses which look aslant with one eye on each other. The second eye is glued upon the iron railings which keep the garden free of all forms of trespass, unless the cat or dog is small and thin.

But inside No. 17 another atmosphere laid hold of me almost from my first visit, and this is how that visit came about.

When I came to All Hallows, in 1922, I was greeted by two worshippers on the first Sunday morning and five on the same Sunday night. The first thing plainly was to hold a mission. This we prepared to do. It took some time to lay the train all round



the offices, which had never before been entered by a parson. We called that first attempt "The Good Earthquake," and Ted Talbot, the Superior of Mirfield, was the chief Missioner with some six colleagues. The church and parish both woke up together.

One mid-day, with the church half full of people, the missioner responsible rang up to say that he was lost somewhere in London. Here was a pretty state of things indeed. I was in the vestry when the news reached me, talking to Herbert Fleming, who had come up from Chelsea Royal Hospital. I turned to him in comic desperation and he agreed to be that morning's missioner. A few minutes later his gold spectacles were gleaming between the pulpit and the sounding board. He told the folk about his Chelsea pensioners and finally exclaimed to this effect: "You see, the most astonishing fact about God is not just that he loves us, but that he positively likes us." I do not remember what came after this.

It so happened that at this very service there were present the Vice-Chairman of the Port of London Authority and his lady. They knew about Toc H and had already helped it to begin. Herbert Fleming's wholly unprepared remarks and something gleaming through his spectacles, determined them towards All Hallows' worship. Hence I went down and found Tom Coniam, who opened wide the door of 17A and said, "Good Evening. We're expecting you."

I would love to make a picture of the man if I could draw, or find words to weave into a tiny tribute to his character. He never seemed disturbed, never seemed tired, never seemed tempted to be otherwise than dignified without a trace of pomp. Simple, straightforward, friendly, unassuming, he treated guests as friends of the whole house, if they so wished: if they did not, no matter. He knew his part and never let it down, yet was a member of the family. For six and twenty years he was the same, a trusted servant in an English household, watching all chances of relieving tension, anxious for

others, never for himself. This week he died, and died without a tumult, as suddenly as if he had gone away. He gave no trouble even in his dying, and thought about the family he served right to the end. Such was Tom Coniam.

Please do not think him negative, nor classify him as a mere nonentity; for he was nothing of the kind, I warrant you. If you need proof, listen to this. His ashes came to All Hallows this evening, as he had wished. There came with them his master and his mistress, the household staff, bereft as none I have known, but quiet, uncomplaining, and in fellowship. Tom had a sister, and she was in service almost as long as he. Her mistress came with her; a tribute, surely, to a fine relationship which has no name. Employer and employed would be absurd in such an atmosphere. They were two sisters in two walks of life, and what grieved one summoned the other's spirit to share the grief. Can I say more than that?

Tom's ashes stood, covered by the small pall of blue and gold kept for this quiet purpose, while we sang Evensong in the north aisle. No one could call the folk a congregation; they were the family who followed Tom. We sang two evening hymns, of which the second was "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," and possibly written in All Hallows, where Bishop Ken spent a great deal of time, being a close friend of John Kettlewell, one of the noblest of non-juror vicars.

It is a deep tradition in All Hallows, resting upon an entry in our register, that Bishop Ken himself read Evensong and the Burial Service at All Hallows over the body of John Kettlewell on April 15th, 1695, and laid the body of his friend to rest, as Kettlewell deserved, in the same grave where Archbishop Laud was before interred. "He was devout without affectation, courteous and affable without flattery or mean compliance, charitable without vanity, religious without faction." These were the words they found for Kettlewell, and they may equally be applied to Tom.

January 25th, 1937.

TUBBY.



## Spring

**T**HE delicate green enlivens the trees and in the hedgerows primroses and violets are smiling at the sun. The cuckoo and the lark are singing their song of praise to Spring, and everything around us seems to be overflowing with the joyousness of Life—Nature reveals the wonders of God—So much of the best in the World comes out of the fields, gardens and hillside, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." So many truths spoken by our Lord exhale from the Countryside. He draws His illustration from the common beauty of the fields. Was not His greatest sermon preached on the hillside, and in His last agony did He not seek God in a garden?

We can all think of instances when Nature has knocked at our Soul and reminded us that God is everywhere. As one walks through the fields and meadows on a bright Spring day, one reflects on the bounty of Providence which has made the most pleasing and the most beautiful objects the most common and most ordinary, and one realizes that simplicity is the root of happiness.

The beauties of Nature are God's gifts to one and all, and all have a right to them, and the human heart yearns for them.

"Flowers" says Ruskin, "Seem intended for the solace of humanity—they are the Cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rest the Covenant of peace."

Here is a tribute to flowers, which we all love by instinct, and indeed it seems natural and right that flowers should be seen where all else is drab and cheerless. The tendency in modern civilised life is to remove mankind from the close touch of nature, tenement blocks of flats are replacing the cottage home where the town dweller could find joy and peace in his little garden. The tendency in the World is to become more and more urbanized.

The population of London which travels to its daily work through miles and miles of bricks and mortar is running the risk of

losing its soul. Children are growing up in our towns who have never seen "England's green and pleasant land,"—deprived of the lessons which only Nature can teach them. We have to thank the country for the sturdy folk who maintain the town population.

It is fortunate that those in authority are realizing that if the loveliness of the English Countryside were to disappear, English literature on religion and education would be deprived of its principal sources of inspiration. Not only must we endeavour to bring the country to the town dweller, but we must make our villages attractive so that our Youth can be encouraged to work on the land and not invade and overcrowd the towns. The growth of industrialism has turned country meadows into drab streets and charged the air with smoke and grime.

The London Gardens Society is an organization which aims at helping the less fortunate citizens to beautify their surroundings. They encourage and assist London flower lovers to improve a dreary environment by growing flowers in their small gardens or in window boxes and by so doing help to beautify the streets and recapture some of the pride in London which is rapidly disappearing.

"A garden," says Bacon, "is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man," and for the benefit of those who realize this, the Society organizes lectures, competitions and exhibitions and provides soil, seeds, and plants to all who want them. Special help is given to the unemployed, many of whom have been making window boxes for themselves and friends while attending the carpenters' shop at a local employment centre. With the increase of leisure and shorter work hours, opportunity must be given to provide a healthy and civilizing interest to those who have very little opportunity of self expression. The Society has, with the help of the Winter Distress League, been able to tidy up derelict areas and neglected spots, and awaken a sense of responsibility for the upkeep in the local groups.



The quality of the numerous exhibits at the Society's two exhibitions each year, proves that flowers can and will grow in London. There are still small back gardens in London, which give joy and occupation to thousands of their owners and nearly every garden is cultivated in the New Housing estates in and around London in which 300,000 people are living. In the height of summer some of them are a dream of beauty and would put many a country garden to shame. Each estate has its own Horticultural Society and the London Gardens Society does the judging of the gardens for the L.C.C. An organized effort on the part of all lovers of Nature is being made this year, to make Coronation year an outstanding one by encouraging the planting of trees and the cultivating of flowers in our towns and villages. A competition for the best garden and window box will again be held. Last year there were over 60,000 entries.

Can there be any better way of fulfilling the Toc H spirit than by encouraging this love of Nature and by helping those sad hearts to find a solace in flowers and thus spreading the true Gospel of God. It would be splendid if each Toc H member would resolve to interest and enthuse at least her two nearest neighbours during Coronation year.

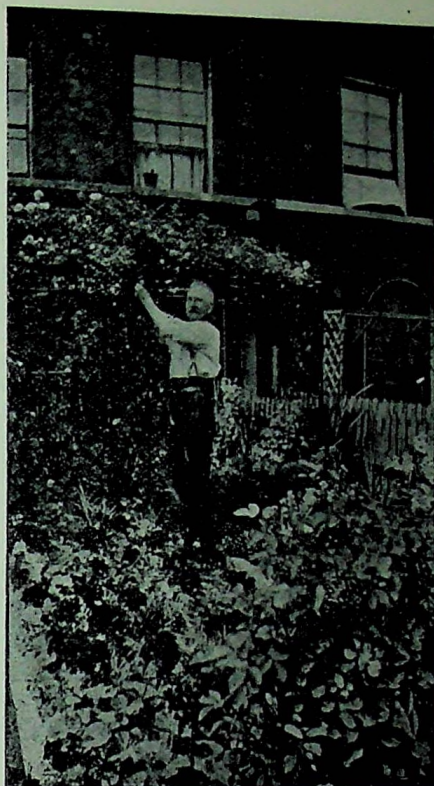
The association of gardening and good fellowship is proverbial, it offers a common meeting ground for high and low, rich and poor. This is a cause on which all people agree. For, however much men may differ in their conception of goodness, beauty and truth, flowers are a revelation of that Glory of the universe of which all thinking people are aware.

### The Aims of the London Garden Society

1. To make a permanent contribution towards the beautification of London by the growing of flowers, more particularly in parts which are dull and ugly.

2. To provide a healthy and civilising interest for those who have very little opportunity for self-expression.

3. To give to the humblest citizen an opportunity of taking his part in a movement for the improvement of his surroundings, *i.e.*, of performing a civic function.



A City Garden

### Extracts from Report:

Let us take the case of Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown is a Billingsgate fish porter. For thirty-five years he has toiled, year in year out, carrying unbelievably heavy weights on the top of that unique form of head-dress known as the Porter's Hat. It is a monotonous life, but his hours are early, and he has time to himself at the end of the day. "If it weren't for this garden," he said when we paid him a visit, "I should go fair mad." He has a wonderful garden! It cannot be more than the size of a railway compartment, but every inch of it is occupied, and when it was seen in mid-July it was a sight for glad eyes in the very drab neighbourhood in the south of London where he lives. There is no doubt that Mr. Brown lavishes untold care on his garden, but there is no less doubt that it is his garden that makes Mr. Brown feel that life is worth living! And



there are thousands—if not tens of thousands—of Mr. Browns all over London; men to whom their gardens are the only bit of “landed property” they possess or are ever likely to possess. “The Englishman’s home is his castle,” they say, to which might be added, “and the Englishman’s back yard is his park,” in which after a hard day’s work he can stroll (or perhaps we should say step), tend his flowers, smoke his pipe, play with his children and chat with his wife, who gets her bit of fresh air in this way in the evening.

What does the Society do for the cottage gardener? If he is a member of the London Gardens Society, or belongs to one of the eighty affiliated Guilds, he is entitled to advice from gardening experts as to where to get soil, a matter of crucial importance; what plants will prosper in the heart of a great city; what can be done to mitigate the damage done by chemical-laden soot; and how to be rid of the ubiquitous cat. In the summer Mr. Brown can compete in the Garden Competitions organised by his local Guild, and if successful enter for the All London Championship. This summer between 30,000 and 40,000 Mr. Browns entered their gardens in competitions.

One of the questions which the London Gardens Society has to ask itself is, “What is going to happen to Mr. Brown and his

fellows, these small property owners, when their cottages (many of which are unfit for human habitation) and their gardens (many of which would put a country garden in the shade) are swept away, and their owners go to occupy block dwellings in which no gardens, and, in many cases, no window boxes are allowed?”

Here is a question for those who are concerned about the welfare of London dwellers. “I didn’t have any trouble with him,” says Mrs. Green, “when he had the garden to occupy himself with, but now in these Council flats all he can do is to look out of the window and see the children down below.”

\* \* \*

Here is Mrs. White. She lives in a tenement which ought long ago to have been pulled down. Opposite her window is a railway embankment along the top of which, every few minutes, run the trains of the L.M.S. Railway. She cannot open her window even, for soot from the trains which pass on a level with it pours in all day long. None the less, Mrs. White refuses to be diverted in her endeavour to have a few flowers, and true is the saying of a wise old gardener, “How do I make them grow? Why, I don’t make them, I just keeps on



*A  
Garden  
in  
the  
making*



going round and looking at them." For in spite of circumstances which might quell a more experienced gardener than Mrs. White, her flowers do flourish. Her garden is contained in strawberry baskets, lodged upon the window sill, inside in the winter, outside in the summer. When she speaks of her garden she grows pink with pride. And well she may, for this original herb garden has a mixture good enough to delight Sir Francis Bacon himself, for although in his eyes the garden could not be "under thirty acres of ground," he reminds us that "because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air."

After taking leave of Mrs. White, let us please Sir Francis further by bringing him to the top of a factory roof in the heart of the city, where the caretaker, Mr. Dodd, has his roof garden. "A garden," says Sir Francis, "should contain a green in the entrance." "I didn't like my garden without a lawn," says Mr. Dodd, "so I've made one in this old sink. It helps to make the garden look peaceful," and very green and bright it certainly looks amongst the chimney pots and surrounded by the gay flowers and creepers which Mr. Dodd has persuaded to adorn his tiles.

But the window box—the last trench of the flower-lover (unless indeed the Londoner is forced to content himself with a vase of cut flowers bought in the street) is now often taboo!



## The Family Coach

The Family Coach runs from:

Lewes to Peterborough.  
Nottingham to West Ham.  
Bridlington to Huddersfield.  
Ilford to Wallasey.  
Crouch End to Cottingham.  
Heaton Moor to West Stanley.  
Pollock to Bellingham.  
Streatham to Burwash.  
Liverpool to Taunton.  
Southall to Harbourne.  
Godalming to Birkenhead.  
Leicester to Deeside.

Kendal to Cambridge.  
Sutton to Barry.  
Folkestone A. to Eccleston.  
Annaly (Yorks.) to Wednesfield.  
Sherbourne to Blackheath and Greenwich.  
Grange-over-Sands to Withington.  
Mosely to Darlington.  
Neath to Watford.  
Morton to Tottenham.  
Glasgow to Barnoldswick.  
Normanton to West Bromwich.  
Carshalton to Cowley (Oxford).



## Freedom, Determinism, and Personality

*The second of Mrs. Moore-Browne's talks, the first of which, entitled "The Ground Plan of the Universe" appeared in the last issue of The Log.*

IT may be said with truth that in the problem of personality all problems are centred. We have considered at some length in our former talks the "Twoness" of things, the functional relationship between opposites (within which they fulfil and not destroy each other) which we find whenever we dig into the real nature of things. The fact of Personality and the state of Freedom are no exceptions to the rule of Twoness in Unity. Personality is the masterfact of all our experience; perhaps the one fact that can never be doubted or denied, because it is a thing of which every sane human being has interior first-hand knowledge which is quite independent of intellectual "proof." The coupling of the words Freedom and Personality comes naturally enough; we feel they belong; they are a marriage made in heaven. But if I slip in between these two words another, the word "determinism," the title of this talk will not sound so right and pleasant. Yet I am going to do it, because I feel it is not complete without it. To many people the word determinism has an ugly and frightening sound. It brings the cynical cold breath of divorce between our natural partners. It is a chilly possibility, a lurking menace, which if realised would seem to take all hope and worthwhileness out of life. If we are not free we might as well be dead.

I hope, however, to suggest that Determinism is one of the words which hide behind an ugly sound a meaning which has the beauty of all true things, albeit also the element of austerity which is in all true beauty.

I have likened the popular idea of Determinism to a divorce; later I shall refer to it, quite properly as I feel, as the complementary opposite or partner of Freedom within a greater whole. But now for a moment I want you to think of it not as a cleavage which divides us from freedom, nor as the other or inner aspect of freedom, but as a bridge between that elusive thing and the self which desires it so ardently. Let me remind

you that a bridge does divide as well as unite; it holds apart what might otherwise coalesce; and therein lies its usefulness as our first symbol, for it suggests the tension which is relationship, the relationship which is tension; it is at once an embrace, and a bent bow stored with outward-thrusting energy; it is a bond, yet also a liberation. It is in fact a good symbol of paradox.

By a sure intuition, religious thinkers have always accepted paradox as of the very stuff of truth, or in other words have recognised truth as being essentially paradoxical.

Because of its difficulty, however, they have been generally content to accept it "in faith" and leave it at that; at worst, making of it a "holy mystery" which should be knelt before and not presumptuously probed. So to many it stands for a baffling perplexity, a nightmarish negation of reason. Nowadays, however, it has become an acknowledged and indispensable part of the mental apparatus of secular thinkers. In physics the profoundest realities can only be presented in terms of paradox if their presentation is to be comprehensive. Of course there are those who still consider that a paradox, being as they insist, "irrational," cannot be true, and that closer study must eventually reduce its duality to a unity by the elimination of one of its opposing components. But the "irrational" is not necessarily unreason, or that which is *incompatible* with reason, it may be extra- or supra-rational in the sense of being, at present, outside our normal experience or not amenable to description in terms of our normal experience. It must be remembered that human reason is in its infancy still, in spite of its amazing reach and development. It grows by constant assimilation of material previously external to it, outside its scope. As Robert Bridges says:

"How small a part of Universal Mind  
Can Conscient Reason claim.

'Tis to the Unconscious Mind as the habitable crust

Is to the mass of the earth."



A few centuries ago—nay, barely a generation ago—much would have been scouted as fantastic which we now know to belong to the soberest rationality. It is true, I think, to say that to-day the scientific philosophers of first rank, the real prophets, recognise paradox not only as a necessary descriptive tool, but as something characteristic of a higher reason to which the human mind is evolving. A medical psychologist has said: "Paradox is the law, both of to-day and yesterday, and it must become the language of to-morrow. Whether we like it or not, it is the only way by which we can measure both sides of the wholeness of life's experience. Out of one, nothing can ever happen; there is no making, or movement, until it has been divided into its twoness—only out of two can a child be born." Division comes before unifying; only those entities which have been isolated, defined, individualised, *and opposed* to one another, can enter into the real unity which is creative relationship. So the scientific thinker leads us to the same idea that the religious thinker and poet has clothed in the image of the Divine Trinity—the threeness which consists in two complementary opposites and the wholeness immanent in and transcending both in a unity ever new, ever creative; the Father, the Son, and the Spirit common to both. This idea—like a candle—has been enshrined by the prophet and mystic in a lantern, often of "many-coloured glass," which "stains its white radiance," distorts it, breaks it up, so that people fight because the light cannot be blue, as one man says, if it is red, as another says. Too often the painstaking pious intellectual has enshrined the candle under a bushel. Some scientific philosophers, however, have taken this idea of Trinity and expressed its supra-rational truth in rational terms, whether of mathematics or other symbolism, which though admittedly difficult, *can* be understood by any who troubles to learn them. They explain one component of the trinity in terms of its opposite—Freedom in terms of determinism, determinism in terms of freedom; and this is the only explanation which is an explanation at all, because it maintains unbroken their relationship. I suggest that we must tackle the problem of Freedom, Determinism, and Personality, thinking from the religious stand-

point in the same way. It may sound difficult—it may sound as if we must find ourselves thinking in a vicious circle; but though indeed we shall be thinking circularly, or rather spherically, it is a method fitted to its subject; the sphere is the geometrical figure of truth itself. It is the kind of thinking that we have all got to learn if human reason is to be further evolved.

Before we can see our subject as a related whole, however, it is necessary to start with some separation of the parts and definition of our terms, always remembering that definitions must be elastic, and if the relationship is not to be broken they must flow into each other. Let us begin with Determinism.

This word, as I said just now, has such an ugly and bugbearish sound to many people that it is pleasant to find that it is actually the easiest to define, and that we can dispose of it quickly and effectively in the words of the celebrated physicist, Max Planck. He says in his latest book that "Determinism really means the rule of rational law in the Universe." Thus interpreted, does not this grim word become only another way of spelling the name of God?

What, then, about Freedom? Can we define Freedom? Only fully, I suggest, in terms of Personality, and we have not yet tried to describe Personality. It has been truly said that Freedom has no meaning apart from persons. Yet it is also true that to understand personality we must have some preliminary understanding of freedom, so we must make some sort of attempt at it. We can only explain one of a pair of opposites in terms of the other—we get to know what a thing is by comparing it with what it is not; we know light because we know darkness. Determinism is a negative thing, so Planck defines it in the most positive of terms—rule, reason, law. Freedom is essentially a positive thing, so perhaps the best thing is to suggest one or two things which freedom is *not*. It is not the absence of limitation; it is not isolation from social responsibility and obligation. If it were, a Robinson Crusoe would be the ideally free man; but we know that a man alone on a desert island must be in the most dreadful kind of imprisonment. It is not release from tension in the sense of the tension ceasing



to exist. To many people the ideal freedom often seems to be release from tension in the sense of the breaking of a constricting bondage, or the relaxation of a disrupting strain. To the overstrained neurotic the ideal rest is a relapse into a loose inertia, what Freud has called "detensioning," and which he considers to be the aim of all unconscious motive; but just as true peace is not a *cessation*, but a balanced rhythm of activity, true release is not a *dissolution* of tension but a *resolution*; and this resolution issues in *extension* the widening of its scope. The coiled spring finds its ease in expansion, the translation of stored energy into work. A tension not only confines and stores energy, it intensifies it, increasing its potentiality for work, and as the limits within which the enhanced energy operates become too narrow, they have to be expanded. The banks of a river are limitations, but they impart to the water which flows between them a high potential, a concentrated, eager energy, which it loses if it escapes from them and spreads unhindered over a plain. If a stream of water, or of life, is to become free in the sense of being more powerful, more effective, it must, as it increases in volume, have a wider channel, but a channel it must always have. Looked at from outside, it appears unfree, imprisoned by its channel, the course of which it must willy-nilly follow; but looked at from within, it is master as well as servant of its limitations; it carves out its channel so that the latter may the better enhance, liberate, and direct its energy. So it is with the human will. As Planck says, human will is casually determined if it be considered from outside, or objectively, but it is free if it is considered from within, subjectively. We *determine* as well as, and at the same time as, we *are determined*. The organism when determining its environment is acting as a free agent, it is master; when it is determined by its environment, it is passive, it is unfree in the sense that it is tendering the response of obedience, not control; it is a servant. But this is only to describe a co-operative relationship, a reciprocity of allies, between the organism in question and the environment.

We begin perhaps to see now that the problem of determinism and freedom has usually been wrongly stated, and so has been invested

with a difficulty which is quite unnecessary. There is, I suggest, no problem of freedom *versus* determinism, only the problem of freedom *plus* determinism, which, so soon as they are brought together, passes into the problem of freedom *multiplied* by determinism, the static cross-sign rotated into the dynamic cross-sign; in other words, of freedom and determinism married. Both are halves of a whole, partners in a union. Marriage is not, or should not, be one partner *versus* another, nor one partner absorbing or eliminating the other, nor yet setting bounds to the other's free growth, but one completing the other without either losing identity. It is not  $1 + 1 = 2$ , but  $1 \times 1 = \text{unity}$ —not a sterile thing abiding alone, but that from which the infinite process of numeration, or of peopling the world, starts. Their relationship is the diagram of the cross, from which we can never escape; unity at the centre which, though eternally unbroken, issues in the widest possible divergence having extension to infinity.

Now what is Personality? Can we attempt to define it? I would say straight away, No. We can only define parts; Personality is one of the names of ultimate Wholeness. Before attempting to *describe* it—and we can all do that to some extent, as we all know it in ourselves even if we are far from understanding it—I want to make it clear that what I mean by Personality is something much bigger than is meant by the word Person. Those who find difficulty in the notion of a Personal God have usually failed to make this distinction. For my purpose, a *person* means an organism which manifests personality in the making, in embryo. We are persons now, but we shall only be *personalities* in the full sense when our becoming is completed. In Personality we have the supreme instance of twoness, of paradox. In its wholeness it is perfectly integrated individuality in perfect and universal relationship. It is *the* creative tension which is ever and always its own resolution. Don't let us connect the idea of perfection with something which has come to a full stop. Personality is infinite, and infinity implies expansion, not along a single line, but in all directions, without limit or stop, but this expansion passes beyond our three dimensions of space and time into dimensions the nature of which



we can only guess at. But one thing that an infinite whole cannot be, is *finite*, though its parts have their finite aspect; and anything that comes to a full stop, at whatever level of glory and beauty, is finite. Dr. Rufus Jones says: "It is impossible to see what end there could be to Personality; as far as ever we can follow it, we discover only increasing possibilities. It seems like a number system in which, however far you have counted, you can always add one more number. There could never be a last number. There could no more be a terminal limit to personality." What we call growth is one manifestation of Personality in activity. So that if, as we must, we realise that God is perfect Personality, and perfect Personality is God, argument about such a notion as a "developing God" is meaningless. God is development, just as He is Love, Wisdom and every other perfect thing. All partial qualities and activities find their wholeness in Him and their wholeness is not static, for God is Creative Love.

But how does this endless growth-process come about? What is the nature of the additional terms by which personality can go on expanding for ever? This question of course leads us into deep waters, and very much could be said about the extension of the small spot-light of our individual consciousness over the vast regions of the personal unconscious, and so into the collective, racial unconscious wherein there is participation in the experience of all men in all ages; also of those supra-conscious regions where all is Here and Now, where spirit with spirit meets in a fellowship closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet. But there is no time now to do more than make passing reference to these fascinating but obscure hinterlands of personality. There is a more obvious means of growth which is going on all round us in our Three-dimensional world—relationship with other growing persons. So soon as an individuality is sufficiently integrated to be aware that he is not alone, he enters into relationship with other persons, and each of these adds a further term to his own. It is a one-sided business at first, much take and little give, as between a newborn baby and its mother, but gradually it becomes more and more richly reciprocal until the paradoxical condition is reached in

which the more you give of your personality the more there is to give, and the more you receive and embody and give back again. This condition is well-known to people "in love," or who have, as we say, a genius for friendship. A very young child may be thought of as a two-dimensional being, a roughed-out drawing on the flat. As he grows to maturity he becomes filled out, a three-dimensional being "in the round." In his relationships he passes into a fourth dimension of personality, a creative reciprocity of being which is not subject to the boundaries of space and time as is his material embodiment. And while John Smith does not cease to be the unique, effectively differentiated, and autonomous individual answering to that name, he is also very truly what his relationships with his wife and family, his friends or his business associates make him, as they in turn are what he and others make them. John MacMurray says: "My self-consciousness is my consciousness of myself as a person, and it is only possible in and through my consciousness of a person who is not myself. . . . Now, if self-consciousness is merely the inner aspect of our consciousness of other persons, it follows that personality is *constituted by*, and does not merely *imply*, personal relations between persons. Personality is mutual in its very being. 'I' exist only as one member of the 'you-and-I.' . . . I am I because I know you, and you are you because you know me." ("Interpreting the Universe," chap. VI). "The immediate experience of personality," he goes on, "is the experience of *infinite personality in finite persons*, and so it is the experience of God as the personal absolute, as *the unity of persons in relationship*; it is the knowledge of that Personality 'in whom we live and move and have our being,' as St. Paul put it long ago." So the fourth dimension of personality carries us into the presence of God. The Name of God is I AM; He is perfectly individual; but the nature and name of God is also LOVE—perfect relationship. The more clearly individuated we are, the more and better related we are to each other and our environment—the more truly personal we are; this is the twoness of personality; but only in God is realised and unified the universal I and the universal We.



Strictly speaking therefore, we cannot speak of "personalities" in the plural, for there is only one PERSONALITY, in which and by which we live and love, our Father, God. We are personal only and always by virtue of our participation in Divine Personality as a son participates in the nature and racial heritage—enormously transcendent of himself—which is focussed in the person of his parent and passed on to him to individuate and enrich still further. As J. S. Haldane says—almost repeating MacMurray's words—"God is present in the experience of all men, and it is in our personal relations with other men that we become aware of the personality of God."

It is important to realise the inherent paradox in personality, its oneness and multiplicity, for this principle of plurality in unity exists in persons as well as in God Himself. People are apt to think of the cases of dual or multiple personality of which we hear now and then as cases of disease, of abnormality. But actually all personality is multiple; we are literally as many persons as we have personal relationships, yet all are focussed in the "I" which only we ourselves, and God, know directly. The disease which interests psychologists called "multiple personality" is a disturbance of the relationship between the multiples; it is not the multiplicity itself. I believe it would help many people to enter into the personal relationship with Christ which is the secret of happy and successful life, if they could realise this multiplicity in Him, through which every single individual can find a Christ of their own, their own unique friend. So many would confess if they spoke the truth, that if Christ must be always and to everyone the Palestinian Jew of the first century He simply cannot be real to them. It has been said, very profoundly: "There is one Christ, and we all need Him; there are many Christs, and we need them all."

The scope, then, of personality is infinite even for ourselves; and there is another interesting twoness to be noted; it is true to say that every person developing personality is the centre of the one Universe, just as to one standing upon the surface of a sphere, wherever he stands is the exact centre of the sphere's surface from and to which all its measurements *relative to himself* radiate

and return. So it is also true that there are as many Universes as there are perceiving centres, for each perception is unique. Yet it is a matter of common experience upon which all science is based, that there is only one Universe which we all perceive. The coherent scientific picture of the Universe, however, is made by combining and harmonising all the individual perceptions as the different printings of a colour-print are superimposed in exact register to produce a vivid representation of a scene in natural colouring. This analogy may help us to see how our freedom can operate negatively. To be clear, such printings must "register" exactly; that is, they must be in exact adjustment to a common centre and a common periphery. So with personality. We, as centres of perception, are anchored to the Divine centre of perception—but we are free either to co-operate or confuse, to make the picture clear by conforming exactly, or to blur it by departing from the *radial* adjustment to the Divine design. If instead of colour-print blocks you imagine a set of transparencies in different tints which are centred like gramophone records on a single immovable pivot, they could not be shifted from the pivot, but they could be *rotated* out of their correct relationship, and the result would be a chaotic blur. But however great the confusion in the design, the co-ordinating centre remains still master, so the situation is always amenable to redemption.

It is of crucial importance to the understanding of what personality and its scope truly is to realise that whatever we perceive is drawn within the entity of our personality, or in truer imagery, our personality—a developing thing—expands to include it. This is true of perceptions in time as well as in space. Nothing that we perceive is outside our personality; everything that *is* exists within and because of Divine Personality, so everything we perceive (by virtue of this perception) exists within our own. We do not extend the scope of Personality (with a capital P) by this Act of perception and inclusion—it is infinite in its own right—what each of us extends is our own particular actualisation and realisation of personality. "Neither time nor space," says the great scientist and philosopher, J. S. Haldane, "supplies limits for personality, and temporal and spatial



arrangement is arrangement *within* personality, and not in anything outside it." With our bodily senses we perceive material objects, great and small, other persons, distant nebulae in outer space; through our mind, and memory-perceptions, we perceive events in history and pre-history, and even dim shapes of things to come; all of which we relate to the moving point in space and time which we call "here" and "now," and to the centre of our universe of perception which we call "I am"—the family name we inherit from our Father. And with that perception which pierces beyond time and space which we call "spiritual" we perceive God, and when we experience this supremely personal experience we know the unity of all this infinite multiplicity; we know that there is nothing *but* Personality, that basic, ultimate reciprocal relationship in which God "comes down" to me, a human being, contracting Himself from the universal to the particular that He may enter the finite pointhood of my human being—"pass the low lintel of the human heart"—and by that entrance of the Eternal and Infinite within my point-focus I expand, I rise to God through ever-widening circles of understanding conceived in the spirit and brought to birth in active experience; an expansion consciously willed, consciously integrated into a unity of experience which is also a continuous multiplicity of experience. This is the divine-human counterpoint and harmony which we call Incarnation; the twoness in one which is trinity, the threeness which from its dynamic wholeness throws off a tangent—the fourthness which is growth. Twoness, Threeness, Fourthness; sounds which when sounded in unity make not a fifth sound, but stars and universes—singing together and shouting for joy. So and not otherwise is born a MAN, of the measure of the stature of the personality of Christ, in whom alone this sublime process has been fully actualised.

This is our tremendous destiny and challenge; the will of God with which we are called to co-operate as free agents. For as God does with us, so we do with all that goes to make up our life. Is it not a thought which gives new meaning and worth to life, that every star in the heavens, every happening of life, however small, every studied

event of history, every human contact, however momentary, every new truth learnt, is *ensouled* by the perceiving person, has the essence of personality imparted to it which it gives back to the growing personality which it enhances, so that of that personality, as of the heavenly homeland, it can be said that "Soul by soul and silently its shining bounds increase"? And as to our own ensoulment by God Himself, in which in the words of Professor Whitehead we find our "perfected actuality, in which the many are one everlastingly, without the qualification of any loss either of individual identity or of completeness of unity," through "this reciprocal relation what is done in the world is transformed into a reality in heaven, and the reality in heaven passes back into the world; the love in the world passes into the love in heaven and floods back into the world."

Will you bear with me while I recapitulate in rather different terms this tremendous theory of personality and its implications, for a grasp of it is of primary importance before we go on to consider Immortality next time.

"By our personality," says J. S. Haldane, "we mean all that is concerned in our personal experience . . . it extends both outward and inward in space relations, and both backward and forward in time relations. . . . It is unified by the *interest* which is implied in every part of it, and which relates every part of it to the other parts." Interest is that active emotion which surges outwards, takes possession of, and relates all that we perceive to ourselves. Whether we consciously retain it in memory or not, everything perceived is brought into permanent relationship with ourselves; therefore, relationship being a vital exchange and no mere juxtaposition, it receives from us a measure of our life, even if it is what we call non-living, and a measure of our immortality which endows the relationship with its own permanence. So that a person who has lived fully a full span of earthly life is a complex relationship of perceptions extending, it may be, to the furthest regions both of space and time, organised and ensouled by his interest, centred upon, constellated around, that mysterious point of sentient life which initi-



ates perceptions and conceptions; that germ and focus of personality which is anchored in and continuous with the Divine centre of all being; that point, at once moving in time and at rest in eternity, at once here in space and everywhere in infinity, the point where the man-line crosses the God-line, where all opposites, all divergencies are at one, whence all goes out and all returns, the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending, the hub and beating heart of the Universe.

Let us track down a little further the significance of this. If I perceive through the 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson an island-universe 500 million light-years away, I become in a sense a citizen, or at least a corresponding member, of that universe; I have thrown a bridge of perception across that giddy gulf of space-time, in contemplation I pass over it, and the island universe and I are related for ever. Measured in astronomical terms, my personality now extends over an area 1,000 million light-years in diameter, and when a larger telescope is made, will no doubt become very much greater in extent. If I study an event in history, say the death of Socrates, the resurrection of Christ, or the Inquisition in the Netherlands, or pass beyond written history to the dawn of civilisation or of life on earth, in that hour in which I enter into relationship with those events, bridging the time-gap with my research and in meditation passing back and forth, those events become part of my experience and I become a participator, an actor, in their continued activity. *For no event ever stops happening*—we shall discuss how this can be next time. The *duration* of my personality has now become measurable only in terms of biological and geological time. But more than this—the courage and wisdom of Socrates may cleanse and enhance my personal spirit as my mind and his meet; and I, by the acceptance into myself of his influence as a living, effective force, may take the torch of his thought and carry it farther than he could, and so I may contribute to the eternal fulfilment of the personality of Socrates. If the tragedy of the Inquisition fills me with sorrow and pity that such cruelties could have been done in the name of the God of Love, it may be that I shall be saved from making the same mistakes in different forms, and so Philip the

Second and the Duke of Alva may help to redeem me, and I to redeem them. So the poison with which they sickened their contemporaries may become the medicine of their successors. And if I contemplate the death and resurrection of Christ, and open my whole mind and spirit to the radiant energy of that supreme event in which all other events find their meaning, not only will my own significance and potentiality become enlarged beyond the scope of any astronomical or historical telescope, but even in regard to that Divine achievement, God has provided this incredible thing for me, that it without me is not made perfect. Does not this invest the study of history and indeed of all knowledge with a new and awe-ful significance—that the final effectiveness of every thing and every event in the Universe and in history waits for the free co-operation of each one of us for its fulfilment? Truly the whole creation travails together waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God!

We begin to see now how great a place our freedom has in this process, and how inseparable it is from personality. Just as personality is God, and God is Personality, so freedom is not a factor in, a quality or function of, personality, something that can be added to or subtracted from it, it is of the indivisible nature of personality. If we have personality, and in the measure in which we have attained it, we are free. But though we are all persons, in most of us personality is but a germ struggling to assert and maintain itself. The point is, by what technique and with what price can we attain to this freedom?

"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man?" we may well exclaim. Let us not hesitate to reaffirm that man, minute and momentary as his physical embodiment is by astronomical standards, is that which has found out those standards; is that which can and does weigh and measure the furthest stars, is that in whom all past history is summed up and future history potential; is that which can conceive of the greatness of God; is that in which God has been able to reveal Himself most completely in time and space conditions. And his freedom is that which embraces and ranges between the fact of illimitable minute-



ness and the fact of illimitable greatness; the bond, the bridge, which relates them. But you may say just now you said that Determinism was that bridge. So I did. But determinism and freedom are the same thing in just the same sense that God and Man are the same thing. We are determined and we also determine. The Bridge, to be a bridge, must stand on both banks. If we desire our heritage of infinite greatness, we must accept our infinite littleness, for the one depends on the other as the infinite reach of the arms of the Cross depends on their reduction to nothingness at the point of their intersection. The free personality is he who accepts his atomic nature as well as his infinite nature and marries them. The unfree, on the other hand, rebels against his weakness and comparative ineffectiveness, fettering himself to megalomaniac fantasy in order to escape from it, or shrinks in fear from the stress of expansion to his rightful infinity, fettering himself to the point in space which is his material body, the point in time which is his "now." The free man is he who, standing like the unfree man upon the point called "now," accepts *both that in the past called Cause, which has determined him, and in the future called Purpose, which he helps to determine*, so that it becomes his purpose, his will, as well as God's. The freedom we experience is Divine freedom, and no contradiction exists between this and our own freedom. By this realisation we reconcile the theological doctrine of Divine determination with that of personal freedom. They are one and the same, you cannot have one without the other. The universe waits for the manifestation of the sons of God; we are called, and our response as free men is: "We accept our destiny and choose to grow up into it till we all come, in the unity of the faith, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily; in whom as a man, perfect Personality has been reached and God and Man become for ever *one thing*."

Although we are indeed the heirs to such boundless wealth of experience, we can and do decide upon the quality and quantity of

experience which we as individuals will make our own by full acceptance. This is the stern necessity of freedom. Unfortunately, most of us, like children, want only the sweets, and repudiate the dry bread and boiled greens of experience. We dislike the inevitable upset in our personality's health which follows, but still refuse to accept a balanced diet. So we stunt the growth of our personality and compromise its immortality.

We want to be what we ought to be, but not just yet, or in just that way. We are afraid of the terrific expansion to which we must submit ourselves. We cry: "Thy sea is so large, my boat is so small." It is indeed. But is it not a heartening thought, and one which perhaps contains the true significance of that "humility" which as Christians we know to be a condition of knowing God (and our proper attitude and posture before Him), that only from the *utmost* contraction can infinite expansion take place, that only from a "point," the minutest area imaginable, without parts or magnitude, can the infinities of astronomical space be measured or even perceived in *all directions*? (again, think of the Cross diagram). It is only the truly humble person who does not get in the way of his own vision. We must know ourselves as infinitely little in order to know ourselves as infinitely great. Christ said plainly that only if we become as little children can we enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. "Know you what it is to be a child?" writes Francis Thompson in his immortal essay on Shelley. "It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything—it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

'To see the world in a grain of sand,  
And a heaven in a wild flower;  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And eternity in an hour.'

(Blake.)

Only as finite—its opposite, its inner and partial aspect—can we know infinity and enter into relation with it. We are groping in a great darkness which is also a blinding



light as we strive to net these winged ideas in a web of words. But we *must* grope, with courage and persistence that shrinks at nothing; and we must try to make the best net we can.

"There is no form, no frame, no idiom, no words, with which in themselves we can do justice to our experience of life," or to our flashes of vision of that which transcends the phenomenon which we call life.

That for which we grope, when grasped, can only be represented in terms of paradox. "The place of freedom is at the same time the prison, while the prison is also, within its nature, the place of freedom." Our embodied persons are at once the prison, against the bars of which our fledgling personality beats its wings, and, like the egg, the place of its nurture. The person in process of growth into personality is a twoness, an "A" of inner being, highly potential of life and the expansive principle of growth, which is enclosed in a sensorial shell, "B," which is at once a limitation of A and the means by which A extends its scope. As by compression the power of steam in an engine is enhanced and gathered under the engineer's control so that he may release it in its maximum effective power, so A accepts the compression of B as the condition of its own greater freedom.

"I am the Way, the Truth." "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me," said Christ. Learn what? Surely the truth of God and the truth of man, the opposite but unified poles of being; that both are both; the truth of the relationship between man and God, within the unbreakable bond of which alone is perfect freedom. And the Way? How did He learn what He alone can teach us? Surely through the Cross, the supreme dramatic symbol of the structure and nature of reality, the diagram and plan of his life as well as the instrument of his death, the ground-plan of the Universe, the picture of the heart of God in which all things meet and from which all things proceed. Christ's triumphant demonstration of the humanity of God and the divinity of man in himself whereby he revealed and made actual our destiny, found its consummation in that extreme of limitation freely chosen and fully accepted. "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" may have marked the

zero of that contraction into utter powerlessness and isolation from which proceeded instantly the expansion of his completed personality to the very fullness of the power of the God-head. It may have marked what at the moment seemed to be the complete disappearance of God as other than, external to, present *with*, Himself to reappear simultaneously as eternally one with Himself, present *in* Himself—transcendence swallowed up in Immanence, death and division swallowed up in victory and wholeness. So at the very moment when as it seems God and man in Christ narrows down to the grave, to the point of nothingness of both, the utter negation of freedom, the great release takes place; and

"Love from its awful throne of patient power,

From the last hour  
Of dread endurance, from the slippery,  
steep  
And narrow verge of crag-like agony,  
springs  
And folds over the world its healing  
wings."

And to those of us who are all too conscious of failure and sin it is a consolation to remember that it is not only in his victorious moments that we get our conviction of the God in man. A modern poet has written these poignant lines:—

"We that have seen the strongest  
Cry like a beaten child,  
The sanest eyes unholy,  
The cleanest hands defiled,  
We that have known the heart-blood  
Less than the lees of wine,  
We that have seen man broken—  
We KNOW that man is divine."

(Wm. Noel Hodgson.)

"I am the Truth"—the whole truth. The man Christ did not shrink from recognition and acceptance of his terrific destiny. Most of us prefer to be only a bit of truth (which is not truth at all); most of us prefer to hold a half-truth about the Incarnation; we prefer to take our stand on the truth that Christ is God, *or* that Christ is man, rather than essay the tremendous paradox that He is both, and its terrible corollary that it is our capacity and destiny to be both also, by virtue of our membership in Him. We want freedom, but not its alter ego, determinism.



We identify ourselves with the flesh or with the spirit, and say: "Only this is real; all else is illusion." But what we ought to say is: "Reality, you are both, and between you both I stand," one foot on a point in space-time and the other in Eternity, bridging the paradox with freely-determined personhood, embracing the opposites within my growing personality. *Then* we are free. For upon our willingness and "capacity to build this bridge, to strike this balance, to accept this yoke, to realise this bondage" our citizenship of the Kingdom of God, our heirship of God and joint heirship with Christ, depends.

So we come back to the metaphor of the bridge with which we began. "Take my yoke upon you," says Christ. His yoke—his yoga—his bridge (they are all the same

word)—his bent bow stored with energy of infinite potential, waiting to be made actual in our hands; so that to the spirit upon whose neck the yoke rests as the bow rests upon the arrows, may be imparted the freedom of the arrow's flight to the goal of all desire.

### Recommended Books

#### MATERIALISM & THE PHILOSOPHY OF A BIOLOGIST

by J. S. Haldane (Hodder & Stoughton)

#### I AND ME

by Grahame Howe (Faber)

#### INTERPRETING THE UNIVERSE

by J. MacMurray (Faber)

## Area News

### EASTERN AREA

THE Eastern Area's great difficulty is the isolation of so many of its units, but we are hoping to help this by the formation of an East Anglian District team, which is going to try to link up the lone units.

The Area is busy with new growth. Three Groups have come into being during the last few months, Lowestoft, Sudbury and Bushey; two others are imminent and four or five other places are thinking about possible L.W.H. units. We are very anxious that the new starts should have all the help possible to set them in the right way, so we are trying to link them up with keen District Teams. The Luton and Mid-Herts District Teams have both kept well in touch with all their units, and this year members of the Mid-Herts Team are going in twos to every unit, unexpected, uninvited, but we hope none the less welcomed.

We have just had our annual training afternoon for all the unit office bearers in the Mid-Herts District. After a very happy tea party Miss Benbow talked to them on "Office Bearers in relation to the rest of the Membership," and Miss Meiklejohn followed by talking on "What effect do we expect

L.W.H. to have on the individual member." We then formed into groups to discuss "Life consciously or unconsciously is a process of how to deal with people, things, ideas, God, money, time and death. Is membership of Toc H a good way of learning and a help in adjusting ourselves, or a means of evading responsibility?"

The findings were that L.W.H. helped us to learn to deal with people, things and money—that it was definitely a means of bringing many people into closer contact with God; it helped us to cultivate new ideas and to put them into practice; it made us realise that our time could be much more fully and usefully occupied and that it did help one to face death in a different way. L.W.H. is a wonderful way of training our characters through contact with so many finer spirits, and is a way of finding our right level and of learning to make the most of the gifts with which we are endowed by God. It should teach us to become more responsible citizens, though some use the L.W.H. unit as a means of evading individual responsibility. We finished up with Family Prayers, taken by the District Pilot, and all felt it had been an afternoon well spent.



Most units are taking an interest in Felling and the distressed areas, and apart from collecting and making large numbers of garments for distribution through York House, several units have adopted families in Sunderland. They not only clothe and help them with material things, but extend friendship to them by writing them letters, remembering their birthdays and Christmas, and by arranging for people on the spot to pay them visits and report on their needs.

One unit is doing splendid work befriending a whole batch of girls from the distressed areas who are working in their town. They arrange socials for them and instruct them in various crafts, and also take some of them along to their L.W.H. meetings.

Another unit, in co-operation with Toc H, take out, during the summer, all the able-bodied inmates of the Infirmary (men and women). Each week-end several separate parties are arranged. A Toc H member fetches three or four of the old men or women in his car, takes them for a drive, and brings them back to tea at the house of a L.W.H. member, where there will also be another member of Toc H and L.W.H. to complete the little party.

The jobs being undertaken are far more worth while, and units are realising the value of personal contact in the way of visiting and befriending lonely people.

## WESTERN AREA

SO many things seem to be happening hereabouts, that it is not easy to know where to start, or what to put in or leave out. This District is at last beginning to see the fruit of the really hard work of the past years.

Last year Bristol was granted Branch Status—since then the Branch has grown still more. It now has nearly forty Probationers, and it is not easy to maintain and encourage friendship amongst so many, yet the task is not only being tackled, but is succeeding, and the friendship is not confined in the Branch, but like a stone thrown into a pool of water, spreads, in ever widening circles.

Outstanding events of the past year are as follows:—

Joint Meeting Night with the Y.W.C.A.

Wayfarers' Club.

Talks from A. S. Greenacre (Western Area Secretary Toc H), Rev. H. F. Sawbridge (Toc H Area Padre), R. H. Staton (Marks' Pilot).

On one special night certain Members and Probationers took part in deciding who was actually necessary in the movement, one person representing each "celebrity" in L.W.H. and one Member standing for all Members, and a Probationer representing her fellows. In this way, we managed to get people talking without unnecessary modesty about themselves and others. The outstanding remark of the evening came from a Probationer, who said, "Probationers are necessary to the Movement, as without Probationers we might DEEPEN the Movement, but we should not WIDEN it."

Recently the Branch had two talks from experts on the best way of achieving world peace. The Rev. E. S. Loveday gave the first talk on "The Christian attitude to War," followed by Col. Wyatt, of the League of Nations, on "Collective Security." (Col. Wyatt has actually been at Peace Conferences in Geneva, and was therefore vitally interesting). The following week, under our own Padre's leadership, we thrashed the matter out, and discussed our own re-actions to this vexed question, the summing up of the discussion being, "That the Branch as a whole, felt the first speaker's attitude to War, Re-armament and so forth was the right one, but that the World was not yet ready for it, and that at present it was not practicable," but adding the proviso "That we as a Movement and as individuals should work towards that end by promoting friendship, and right relationships between ourselves and people of other nationalities."

The Branch were privileged to have one of the first five Toc H Leprosy Volunteers, Norman Crayford, talk to us on his work. An evening full of interest.

Bristol Branch's annual Report was the result of very careful "stocktaking" on the part of the whole Executive. Afterwards the result was discussed amended or added to at the Annual General Meeting, thus the Report was a really corporate affair.

The first Birthday was celebrated on February 25th, by a Re-dedication Service followed by an ordinary Guest Night.



Bath Branch are in process of re-building, and have placed themselves under the limitation of Branch Status. They are due to re-apply this year.

Both the Branches help Felling as much as possible and both have enrolled one or two Associates, though more could be done in this direction. The District as a whole (including a "baby" Unit which has just started at Totterdown (Bristol) and is now meeting regularly in a room all of its own) support the Toc H Leprosy Campaign, many Members, Probationers and their friends being "Builders," that is paying a minimum of 1s. per year for life towards the Campaign.

A Saturday afternoon "Refresher" has been arranged, which will take the form of Group Discussion on The Toc H Spirit.

- (a) How it works in the Branch or Group.
- (b) How it works in home life.
- (c) How it works in daily occupations and the world at large.

(a) and (b) are to be led by two newcomers to the District, and (c) by the Bristol Branch Padre. Invitations have been sent to Taunton, Yeovil, Gloucester and Cheltenham and the "Refresher" takes place at Bristol Branch Headquarters.

Altogether the life of L.W.H. in these parts is definitely deepening and widening, and the District as a whole looks forward to the future with optimism, and high hopes.

## LINCOLNSHIRE AREA

THE past year has been one of steady progress, for though there is no increase in the numbers of Units, there has been a more serious effort to stress the responsibility of each individual.

We live a long distance from each other, so that frequent visiting is not practicable. We get co-operation through the Area Team, and this continues to meet at the Headquarters of each Unit in turn.

In October all the Office bearers met at Lincoln. This was the first occasion of its kind, and proved very successful. Several discussions took place. The Chairman had comments to make on "Some Ideas of Chairmanship." Secretaries discussed "Unit Programmes, do we maintain balanced Pro-

grammes." And Job Secretaries had much to say on "Job Mastery."

Of course the Treasurers had no lack of material for their discussion on "Finance, our responsibilities to Headquarters, Area Funds, and our own Units." Then under the guidance of Anne Halfpenny each group gave a summary of their findings.

Miss Wolfe visited us in December, and her cheery helpful suggestions were much appreciated.

The Birthday Festival in June was a great inspiration to us all. Although it has been said so often, we cannot help repeating our thanks to the Organisers for all their efforts for us. Working in our own little corner, it was a wonderful experience, and one that keeps the flame of our enthusiasm burning brightly.

## NORTH WEST AREA

THE North West Area, for L.W.H. purposes, is not a compact and well-integrated whole. It straggles over about one sixth of England and extends a thin feeler over the North of Wales. Its districts, nine of them, are so varied in origin, occupation and outlook as to provide opportunity for a rare exhibition of "reconciliation." This is left to the District office-bearers and Area councillors to do on the rather infrequent occasions when they gather from the Potteries, and Cotton towns, the Dockland cities and the Cumberland hills.

Scattered over this large region there are 46 units, only 20 more than are packed in the tidy framework of the West Midlands Area, and nearly 20 less than there are in the London Area. The membership at present is roughly 450, and probationers number half as many again, just about 220. To reckon these latter is rather like counting chickens before they are hatched, but it is useful as an indication of interest if not of attachment.

The organisation of the Area was re-formed about nine months ago, and we now have a Council on the elective and selective plan. Seven of the nine districts elect their own councillors and the other two will do so next year. An equal number of members can be selected for special knowledge or ability; there are 3 ex-officio members; and the council has power to co-opt up to 3 members. This year



the council numbers 17 and meets every two months. With this body rests the responsibility for policy and development in the Area and for keeping the otherwise independent districts in touch with the main stream of the movement.

We have tried to take seriously the need for good and convincing talking about L.W.H., good apologetics as it were, and when Areas were asked to draw up lists of members able to speak locally and for the movement as a whole, we decided that anyone included on our Area list must understand and train for the job. Names of likely people were collected from the Districts, and in November last they were all called together for a "Speakers' Conference." Themes for talks were given to several members, and the type of audience to whom they were to give the talk explained, e.g., an introduction to the need for Toc H to non-members. The L.W.H. case put to Toc H. The non-speakers had to be the audience required and then, quick-changing back from their appointed rôles to critical members, say what they thought of the attempt to convince them. Two main features of the Conference were a talk on "Speaking," given by Mrs. McClure, a most able political organiser in Cheshire, used to training volunteer speakers, whose wise and witty advice was the greatest help; and an example of how to tell the Story of Toc H, making it appropriate to the present trend of the movement and omitting irrelevant frills, given by Angus Johnstone, the Manchester Toc H Area Secretary. That Mrs. McClure's talk was convincing and practical was shown when a follow-up meeting to the Conference was held in February this year. This time eight short talks were given, the speakers choosing their own subjects, and both in material and delivery the standard had improved enormously. This second conference finished with a summary of the principal changes that have taken place lately in L.W.H. thought and method, and about which speakers need to be clear. We feel that this experiment in training is going to be valuable. We intend to have a probationary list of speakers, as well as the authorised Area list, and hold periodic meetings of the type already tried where members with "unspeakable" ideas in their heads may have practice and encouragement.

All district teams have tried to follow a course of study during the last six months, some of them inviting other members to join in. The attempts have not always been successful, and we have realised that on the whole people find it difficult to keep up their interest in a subject for more than two or three meetings. One district worked well on Winifred Holtby's book, "Women," but when it came to "Education" they found the newness of ideas suggested in W. B. Curry's book, "The School," altogether too staggering and the discussions broke down in an atmosphere of "We can't be expected to stand for that." Two districts have tackled the pacifist question and the reactions have been quite different; in one producing storms of controversy, the enthusiasm of some pacifists making most militant opponents; in the other a more quiet difference between attitudes of "I wish I dared to be a pacifist" and "Of course, I myself am one, but what is the good in the present trend of the world?" One district has been engaged on the construction of its own forms of "Utopia" as suggested by the title and some of the material of John MacMurray's "Creative Society." Another has studied the methods and machinery of local government and all the services provided for people in this "Social Service" age. W. Holtby's "Women" is engaging the attention of yet another district, who are studying it more thoroughly, following up the lives of some of the pioneer women mentioned.

One District filled a Quaker guest-house in the Lancashire hills for a week-end in September, invited friends from a neighbouring district, and settled down to walk the hills, enjoy the lovely gardens, and discuss L.W.H. and the world at large. Saturday's talk was mostly of practical L.W.H. affairs, but on Sunday the horizon was enlarged. Gathered on the terrace looking out over fields and river valley to Pendle Hill, bathed in the sunshine of a perfect September afternoon, we tried to think how the ideas and methods of the movement needed to be adapted to help its members with their individual problems. Each had been asked to think of this beforehand and to say something about what she considered a most pressing problem, what bothered her most in contact with people and things. Discussion spread through the group



for two hours, the subjects ranging from freedom to wear the clothes one chooses, through problems of mental deficiency and the question of sterilisation, to the appropriateness or otherwise of gas-masks in schools. It is easy to complain that such discussions are necessarily inconclusive and of doubtful value, but they form the starting point of thought in many minds and are a practical effort in the search for fairmindedness.

Our remotest and most widespread district is Lakeland, with two branches 40 miles apart and a group about 15 miles from the nearer branch. The district team only meets every two months, but is already helping these separated units to feel part of the movement. In November last a district rally was organised. North Lancashire units were invited to join in on Saturday, and a training day for units of the district was held on Sunday. The novel experiment of getting Toc H to prepare tea and wash up for L.W.H. was tried with great success, the Toc H branch at Kendal, where the rally was held, providing a team for the job both on Saturday and Sunday. Angus Johnstone came from Manchester to give a thought-provoking talk on what Toc H might be in the present world, the Sunday discussions dealt with how the individual person needs to adapt himself to various factors if he is to make the best of his life, and members were able to have the whole theme summed up for them on Sunday evening by hearing Arthur Howard, Area Padre for Scotland (who was in Kendal that week-end) preaching for the Congregational Church. During the rally a game was tried in which famous names had to be united with their owners' famous deeds. This showed up our lack of knowledge of the heroes, and it was suggested that the stories of William Penn, Elizabeth Fry, Thomas More, Elizabeth Garrett Anderson and others should be looked up and re-told at unit meetings.

Last summer we experimented in holding camps. They were intended as holiday camps for making friendships between units, and no programmes were planned, though much talk took place. One was held in June near Harwarden, the other in July at Alderley Park, and neither owed any success to the weather, for torrents of rain fell on both occasions. In spite of having discovered two

excellent sites, a dry summer will have to intervene before the Area's enthusiasm for camping can be re-kindled.

The ebb and flow of branch and group life, meetings, speakings, thinkings, eatings continue in this Area much as they do elsewhere, and jobs great and small fill their appointed place in the scheme. Of the reality behind it is more difficult to tell, for it exists only for those who experience it and remains, with all eternal things, unseen.



## Correspondence

Dear Editor,

I should like to say that I too feel that the LOG should receive far more material support from the individual members than it does at present.

On reading through it one gets the impression that it is left almost entirely to Headquarters to provide the articles. Now, surely, with such a huge membership as we have there must be some people who are capable of contributing something, however small. On the other hand, perhaps it is that members are too lazy or that things are made too easy.

Whilst I agree that the LOG provides good all round reading, I am inclined to think that it is just a little too "highbrow," and it may be because of this that members do not write.

What we want is a series of provocative articles to attract discussion and encourage us to write, such as suggested by "Juvenis" in this quarter's issue.

Perhaps we might invite articles from other Societies, such as League of Nations Peace Council, Social Workers, etc. (not necessarily political) describing their work, which would probably prove of general interest to readers.

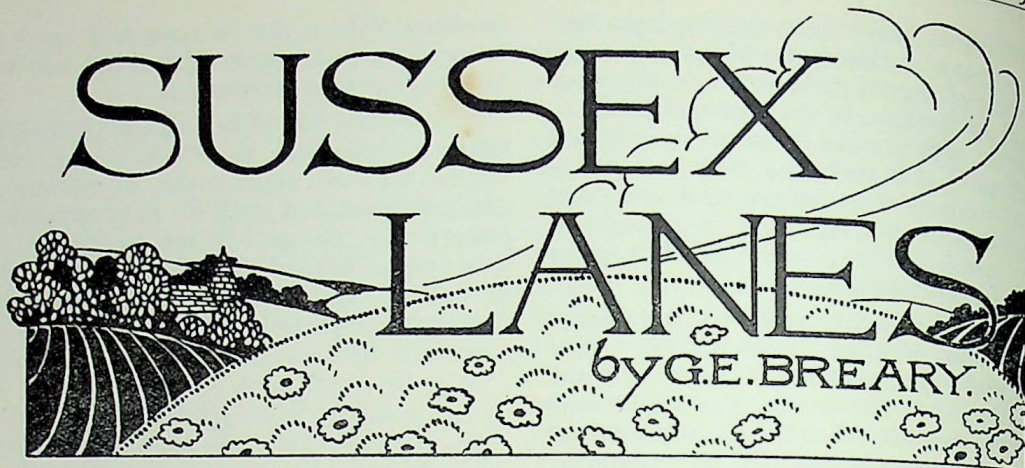
Also, would it be possible for each Unit to contribute one article per quarter? It could be announced in the LOG which Unit were invited.

Yours,

E. T. K.

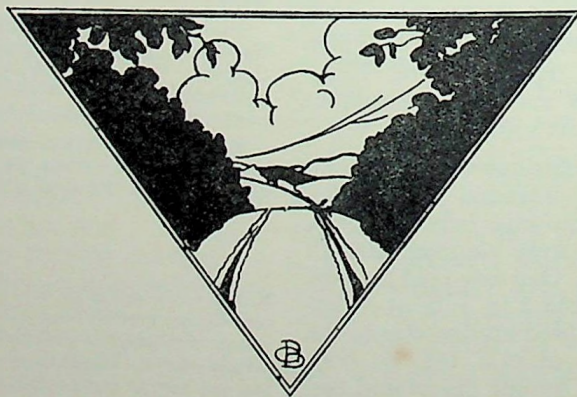
We are grateful to E.T.K. and Juvenis for their sensible suggestions but must add that the majority of matter published is provided from sources other than Headquarters. The Staff of L.W.H. is far too small and too busy to contemplate so onerous a task.—Ed.





The lanes are long in Sussex  
 But they're not too long for me.  
 They thread the patchwork ridges,  
 Then dip towards the sea.  
 The lanes are long in Sussex,  
 But they wind enticingly.

The lanes are kind in Sussex,  
 And especially kind to me.  
 For over hedges white-cowled oasts  
 Keep watch protectingly.  
 And friendly apple-girded farms  
 Invite me into tea.







Toc H League of Women Helpers

*Patroness:*

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

List of  
Branches and Groups  
July, 1937

*Headquarters:*

18 Byward Street, London, E.C.3



# The Half-Yearly List of Branches & Groups

(JULY 1937)

BRANCHES are printed in capitals ; *Groups* are in italics.

## THE BRITISH ISLES

### LONDON AREA

*Hon. Area Adviser* : Mrs. Ellison, 18 Byward Street, E.C.3.

#### BROMLEY DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss S. Wilby, 8 Fairfield Road, Beckenham, Kent.  
*Beckenham, BROMLEY, SYDENHAM, West Wickham..*

#### CROYDON DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss E. Cox, Knowlton, Lebanon Road, Croydon, Surrey.  
*Caterham, CROYDON, Purley & Coulsdon.*

#### ESTUARY DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss S. Lawrence, 133 Alexandra Road, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.  
*Rayleigh, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.*

#### FOREST DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss P. Tanner, 36 Forest Road, Walthamstow, E.17.  
*Hon. District Pilot* : Miss M. Carter, 3 Reydon Court, E.11.  
*BUCKHURST HILL, Highams Park, LEYTONSTONE, WALTHAMSTOW, WOODFORD.*

#### HAVERING LIBERTY DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Mrs. Wolf, 195 Dawlish Drive, Ilford, Essex.  
*Hon. District Pilot* : Miss L. Lloyd, 63 Cambridge Road, Seven Kings, Essex.  
*BARKING, ILFORD, ROMFORD, Seven Kings.*

#### KINGSTON DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss E. Malins, Fairfield Lodge, Victoria Road, S.W.19.  
*Hon. District Pilot* : Miss R. Sadler, 14 Bernard Gardens, S.W.19.  
*Battersea & Clapham, Kingston, Richmond, Wandsworth, WIMBLEDON.*

#### NORTH LONDON DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Mrs. Starling, 46 Collingwood Avenue, N.10.  
*Hon. District Pilot* : Miss R. Radford, 31 Danvers Road, N.8.  
*Barnet, Crouch End, ISLINGTON, MUSWELL HILL.*

#### NORTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss L. Holland, 114 Clay Hill, Enfield, Middx.  
*Hon. District Pilot* : Miss G. Brookman, 18 Elmar Road, N.15.  
*EDMONTON, ENFIELD, Hackney, TOTTENHAM, Wood Green.*

#### NORTH WATLING DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss E. Evans, 114 Regent's Park Road, N.W.1.  
*Hon. District Pilot* : Miss R. Wale, 169 Golder's Green Road, N.W.11.  
*HAMPSTEAD & GOLDERS GREEN, KENTISH TOWN, St. JOHN'S WOOD.*

#### RIVERSIDE DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss B. Turner, 106 Holbrook Road, E.15.  
*Hon. District Pilot* : Miss J. Welch, 15 Glebe Place, Chelsea, S.W.3.  
*EAST HAM, E.C. & TOWER HILL, POPLAR, WEST HAM.*

#### SOUTH EASTERN DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss L. Perry, 37 Marischal Road, S.E.13.  
*Hon. District Pilot* : Miss L. Edwards, 1 Vanbrugh Park Road, S.E.3.  
*Bellingham, BLACKHEATH, LEWISHAM, Rotherhithe.*

#### SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss K. Sanderson, 129 Turney Road, S.E.21.  
*Hon. District Pilot* : Mrs. May, 50 Lambert Road, S.W.2.  
*DULWICH, LAMBETH, STREATHAM, Tooting.*



## SOUTH WATLING DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss G. Simmonds, 9 Ladysmith Road, Wealdstone, Harrow.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss O. Jenvey, 75 Butter Road, Harrow.  
 HARROW, RUISLIP, WEMBLEY.

## WANDLE DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss Y. Arkell, 19 Hawthorne Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey  
 Carshalton, Mitcham, Sutton, THORNTON HEATH.

## WESTERN DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss N. Unwin, 5 Brondesbury Road, N.W.6.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss S. Holmes, 31b Nevern Square, S.W.5.  
 FULHAM, NOTTING HILL, WESTMINSTER.

## WEST MIDDLESEX DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss M. Endacott, 21 Twyford Crescent, W.3.  
 ACTON, EALING, Southall, Uxbridge, West Drayton.

## UNATTACHED :

Central London Group.

## SOUTH EASTERN AREA

*Hon. Area Secretary :* Mrs. King, Beech Farm House, Sedlescombe, Nr. Battle, Sussex.

### EAST SUSSEX DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss L. M. Pickering, Te Whare, Groombridge, Tunbridge Wells.  
 BATTLE, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, BURWASH, *Eastbourne*, HASTINGS, Rye, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

### KENT DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss M. Williams, 94 St. Stephen's Road, Canterbury.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss N. Kearn, 26 Martyrs Field Road, Canterbury.  
 CANTERBURY, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, *Gravesend*, *Rochester*.

### WEST SURREY DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss E. K. Buck, The Old Thatched Cottage, Loop Road, Kingfield, Woking, Surrey.  
 Godalming, WEYBRIDGE, *Woking*.

### WEST SUSSEX DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss Y. de Ternant, St. Michael's, Arundel Road, Worthing, Sussex.  
 Lewes, WORTHING.

## EASTERN AREA

*Hon. Area Secretary :* Mrs. Kent, Bonds Cay, Radlett, Herts.

### EAST ANGLIA DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss D. I. Havers, Lime Grove, Lime Tree Road, Norwich.  
*Bury St. Edmunds*, Cambridge, *Chelmsford*, CLACTON-ON-SEA, *Ipswich*, *Norwich*.

### EAST HERTFORDSHIRE DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* C/o Hon. Area Secretary.  
 BROXBOROUGH, *Hertford*.

### LUTON DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss B. Davis, 96 New Bedford Road, Luton, Beds.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss J. Meiklejohn, 15 Ox Lane, Harpenden, Herts.  
 BEDFORD, HARPENDEN, LUTON.

### MID-HERTFORDSHIRE DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss B. Ottaway, Withersdene, The Grove, Radlett, Herts.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Mrs. Cruttwell, The Vicarage, Radlett, Herts.  
*Hemel Hempstead*, RADLETT, *St. Albans*, WATFORD, *Welwyn Garden City*.

## EAST MIDLANDS AREA

*Hon. Area Secretary :* Miss W. Bexton, 14 Cherwynd Road, Toton, Nottingham.  
*Hon. Area Pilot :* Mrs. Marriott, 27 Wollaton Vale, Beeston, Notts.

### DERBY DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Mrs. Minton, Lucerne, Palmerstone Street, Derby.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss I. Day, 74 Wild Street, Derby.  
 DERBY, NORMANTON, ROWDITCH.



## LEICESTER DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Mrs. Pycroft, 456 Loughborough Road, Birstall, Leicester.

*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss E. Payne, 60 Howard Road, Leicester.

*Anstey, Braunstone, LEICESTER, New England, PETERBOROUGH.*

## NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss F. R. Ellams, 157 Loughborough Road, W. Bridgford, Notts.

*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss F. Holmes, 53 Witherton Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

*Carlton, CARRINGTON, Newark, NOTTINGHAM.*

## LINCOLNSHIRE AREA

*Hon. Area Secretary :* Miss R. A. Lefley, 9 Norfolk Street, Boston, Lincs.

*BOSTON, Horncastle, Lincoln, Morton.*

## WEST MIDLANDS AREA

*Hon. Area Secretary :* Miss F. Mason, 520 Chester Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

## BIRMINGHAM NORTH-EAST DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss E. Tacon, 48 Orchard Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss E. Mason, 520 Chester Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

*Aston Manor, BIRMINGHAM, Perry Barr, YENTON.*

## BIRMINGHAM NORTH-WEST DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss W. Griffiths, 13 Hall Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss F. E. Wallis, 86 Kingswood Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

*HANDSWORTH, Sandwell, Sobo, West Bromwich.*

## BIRMINGHAM SOUTH-EAST DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss C. Hodgetts, 78 Fox Hollies Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.

*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss N. E. Keeling, 189 Hob Moor Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

*Acocks Green, Kings Heath, MOSELEY, Moseley A, SMALL HEATH, Solihull, Yardley.*

## BIRMINGHAM SOUTH-WEST DISTRICT

*Hon. District Secretary :* Mrs. Bicknell, Selwyn, Careless Green, Wollescote, Stourbridge.

*Hon. District Pilot :* Mrs. Steers, 174 Hole Lane, Northfield, Birmingham.

*BEARWOOD, Edgbaston, HARBORNE, Kings Norton, Lye.*

## STAFFORDSHIRE DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss E. Bates, 77 Camden Street, Walsall.

*WALSALL, WEDNESFIELD.*

## WARWICKSHIRE DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss M. Whaley, 60 Lawford Road, Rugby.

*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss S. Huntley, 80 Holmsdale Road, Coventry.

*COVENTRY, Rugby.*

## NORTH WESTERN AREA

*Area Secretary (from September 6th) :* Miss A. L. Petherbridge, 10 Clare Crescent, Wallasey, Cheshire.

*Hon. Area Representative :* Mrs. Twinch, Overdale, Arthog Road, Hale, Cheshire.

## EAST LANCs. DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* c/o Area Secretary.

*Accrington, Barnoldswick, BLACKBURN, Burnley, Colne.*

## LAKELAND DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss J. Carr, 176 Warwick Road, Carlisle.

*CARLISLE, Grange-over-Sands, KENDAL.*

## LIVERPOOL DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss B. Mackenzie, Flat 3, 80 Princes Road, Liverpool.

*Aintree, Anfield, Bootle, LIVERPOOL, Wavertree.*

## MANCHESTER DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Mrs. Robinson, 48 Albert Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.

*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss M. Duce, 7 Ealing Court, Withington Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.

*Ardwick, Gorton, LEVENSHULME, MANCHESTER, Moston, SALFORD, Withington.*



## MID-CHESHIRE DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss D. Walton, Gerston, West Road, Bowdon, Cheshire.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss D. Barber, 12 Craven Terrace, Sale, Cheshire.  
 ALTRINCHAM, Northwich, Warrington.

## NORTH LANCs. DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Mrs. Heywood, 56 Plover Street, Deepdale, Preston, Lancs.  
 BLACKPOOL, Lancaster, PRESTON.

## NORTH STAFFS. DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss E. M. Taylor, 79 High Lane, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.  
 Leek, Shelton, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

## SOUTH LANCs. DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss S. Edmondson, Brynn Mount, Standish, Nr. Wigan, Lancs.  
 Leigh, St. Helen's, Wigan.

## STOCKPORT DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss A. Welford, 39 Park Avenue, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss M. Kirby, 4a Oakfield Road, Stockport.  
 Cheadle & Gatley, Cheadle Hulme, Heaton Moor, Macclesfield, Poynton, STOCKPORT.

## TANGLE HILL & BOLTON DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss E. Watson, 10 Kings Road, Rochdale.  
 Bolton, Oldham, Rochdale.

## WEST CHESHIRE DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss F. Gutteridge, 8 Cumberland Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.  
 Birkenhead, COLWYN BAY, Deeside, WALLASEY.

## YORKSHIRE AREA

*Hon. Area Advisor :* Miss J. Crowther, Ellerslie, Huddersfield.

### CENTRAL YORKSHIRE DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss K. M. Hustler, Roschurst, Pannal, Yorks.  
 Harrogate, Knaresborough, YORK.

### EAST YORKSHIRE DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Mrs. Lee, 18 Watt Street, Hull, Yorks.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss V. Parkin, 34 Horsforth Avenue, Bridlington, Yorks.  
 Anlaby, Bridlington, HULL.

### HUDDERSFIELD DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss J. Lamb, c/o Mrs. Lockyer, Allington, Dark Lane, Batley, Yorks.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss B. Holliday, Cuttlehurst House, Clayton West, Huddersfield.  
 Brighouse, HUDDERSFIELD, Kirkburton, PADDOCK, Wakefield.

### LEEDS DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss A. Taylor, Sandygate, Roman Avenue, Roundhay, Leeds 8.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss E. Jenkins, 11 Jackson Avenue, Leeds 8.  
 Burley, Harebills, Keighley, LEEDS, Leeds Central.

### ROTHERHAM DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Mrs. Burns, 32 Rencliffe Avenue, Moorgate, Rotherham.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Mrs. Naylor, 43 Ewers Road, Kimberworth, Rotherham.  
 Kimberworth, Rawmarsh.

### SHEFFIELD DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss G. Marsden, Nether House, Grenoside, Nr. Sheffield.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss M. Worth, 8 Travis Place, Sheffield 10.  
 CHESTERFIELD, ECCLESFIELD, HALLAM, Hillsborough, SHEFFIELD, WEST SHEFFIELD.

## NORTHERN AREA

*Hon. Area Secretary :* Miss D. Hyde, 184 Park Road, W. Hartlepool.

### DURHAM DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary :* Miss E. Kavanagh, 27 Tyne Road E., S. Stanley, Co. Durham.  
*Hon. District Pilot :* Miss E. Bubbs, 273 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.  
 South Shields, Stanley, Sunderland.



## NEWCASTLE DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss N. Hope, 21 Victoria Avenue, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

*Hon. District Pilot* : Miss U. Besley, 56 Marine Avenue, Monkseaton, Northumberland.

GATESHEAD, Newcastle City, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

## TEESIDE DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss G. Howe, 3 South View, South Parade, Northallerton, Yorks.

*Bishop Auckland*, DARLINGTON, HARTLEPOOLS, *Stockton & Thornaby*.

## SOUTHERN AREA

## BOURNEMOUTH DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Correspondent* : Miss L. Wimsett, 42 Suffolk Court, Suffolk Road, Bournemouth.

*Bournemouth*, *Milford-on-Sea*, *Winton*.

## OXFORD DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss J. M. Chaundy, 20 Southfield Road, Oxford.

*Hon. District Pilot* : Mrs. Jenkinson, Stamford House, Brasenose College, Oxford.

*Abingdon*, *Cowley*, OXFORD.

## READING DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss A. Wynn, Spring Copse, Hall Road, Tilchurst, Reading, Berks.

*Hon. District Pilot* : Miss G. Grove, 88 Hamilton Road, Reading.

*Basingstoke*, *Beaconsfield*, READING, SLOUGH.

## UNATTACHED :

GUERNSEY, Jersey, Portsmouth, Southampton University.

## SOUTH WESTERN AREA

*Area Secretary* : Miss P. W. Wolfe, c/o 42 St. David's Hill, Exeter, Devon.

## SOMERSET DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss McMurtrie, 18 Cedar Grove, Yeovil.

*Hon. District Pilot* : Mrs. Palmer, Tyndale, Preston Road, Yeovil.

*Sherborne*, TAUNTON, YEOVIL.

## UNATTACHED :

*Exmouth*.

## WESTERN AREA

## BATH DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss E. M. Turner, 1 Campbell Street, City Road, Bristol, 2.

*Hon. District Pilot* : Mrs. Godden, Westcote, Weston Road, Bath.

BATH, BRISTOL.

## GLOUCESTER &amp; WORCESTER DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Mrs. Hawkins, Posilipo, Bath Parade, Cheltenham, Glos.

CHELTENHAM, Cinderford, Evesham, GLOUCESTER.

## SOUTH WALES

*Hon. Area Adviser* : Mrs. Price-Hughes, 52 St. Nicholas Road, Barry, Glam.

## CARDIFF DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Mrs. Weedon, 5 Palace Avenue, Llandaff, S. Wales.

*Hon. District Pilot* : Mrs. Jones, 140 Heath Park Avenue, Cardiff.

BARRY, CARDIFF, Llandaff, Merthyr Tydfil, Riverside.

## SWANSEA DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss H. M. John, Nythwylfa, Lon Gwynfryn, Sketty, Swansea.

*Hon. District Pilot* : Mrs. Webb, 14 Cefn Parc, Skewen, Glam.

Morrison, NEATH, Port Talbot, Swansea.

## SCOTLAND

*Hon. Area Secretary* : Miss N. T. Brown, 23 Carmunnock Road, Glasgow, S.4.  
Aberdeen, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Hamilton, Larkhall, Pollok.



# Toc H League of Women Helpers

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## IRELAND

*Hon. Area Secretary* : Miss E. Lawley, 99 Mornington Park, Bangor, Co. Down.  
*Hon. Area Pilot* : Mrs. Ringer Hewett, Rí Aghar, Avenue Road, Lurgan, Co. Armagh.  
BELFAST, DUNCAIRN, LURGAN.

## CENTRAL GENERAL BRANCH

*Hon. Secretary* : Mrs. Edmund Horne, 34 Bolton Gardens, London, S.W.5.

## CIRCLES OF THE LAMP

*Harrogate* : Miss E. Young, Queen Ethelburga's School, Harrogate, Yorks.  
*Reading* : Miss Elton, The Abbey School, Reading.

## PROBATIONARY GROUPS

LONDON : *Bethnal Green, Charlton, S. Kensington, Wanstead, West Croydon.* COUNTRY : *Aigburth, Anfield, Boosle, Buckley, Bushey, Dublin, Dndley, Humberstone, Hurst Hill, Ilkley, Kingstanding, Knock, Lowestoft, Minster, Nelson, Sale, Skegness, Spalding, Stratford-on-Avon, Sudbury, Sutton Coldfield, Tottenham.*

## OVERSEAS

### CANADA

*Hon. Correspondent in England* : Mrs. N. K. Edwards, 18 Byward Street, London, E.C.3.

#### EASTERN CANADA REGION :

*Hon. Regional Secretary* : Mrs. Hilton, 58 Langmuir Crescent, Toronto, Ontario.

#### MONTREAL DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss V. Matthews, 159 Birch Avenue, St. Lambert, P.Q.  
*Montreal, St. Lambert, Verdun.*

#### TORONTO DISTRICT :

*Hon. District Secretary* : Miss I. M. Plumbley, 117 Bernard Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.  
*Ottawa South, Parkdale, Toronto, York.*

#### MIDDLE WEST CANADA :

*Calgary* : Miss B. M. Smith, 2614 24a Street West, Calgary, Alberta.  
*Saskatoon* : Mrs. M. H. Smith, 836 Main Street, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA :

*Hon. Area Pilot* : Miss M. E. Owen, 635 West 12th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.  
*Chilliwack, North Vancouver, VANCOUVER.*

## ARGENTINE AND CHILE

#### ARGENTINE :

*Hon. Secretary* : Mrs. Meynell, 314 Reconquista, Buenos Aires.  
*Buenos Aires.*

#### CHILE :

*Santiago* : Miss M. Henry, Casilla 72D, Santiago de Chile.  
*Valparaiso* : Miss I. Taylor, Castilla 40V, Valparaiso.

## AUSTRALIA

*Hon. Correspondent in England* : Miss A. B. S. Macfie, 7 Tower Hill, London, E.C.3.

#### QUEENSLAND :

*Brisbane* : Mrs. Smith, Soudan Street, Toowong, Brisbane, Queensland.

#### SOUTH AUSTRALIA :

*Hon. Area Secretary* : Miss K. McBain, c/o Elder Smith & Co., Ltd., Adelaide, S. Australia.  
*Hon. Area Pilot* : Miss M. Uncle, c/o Elder Smith & Co., Ltd., Adelaide, S. Australia.  
ADELAIDE, PAYNEHAM, UNLEY.

#### WESTERN AUSTRALIA :

*Hon. Area Secretary* : Miss J. Kimpton, 2 Alvan Street, Mount Lawley, W. Australia.  
*Hon. Area Pilot* : Miss G. Crow, 18 Storthes Street, Mount Lawley, W. Australia.  
*Albany, Beverley, Claremont, Fremantle, Perth, Subiaco.*



## NEW ZEALAND

*Hon. Correspondent in England* : Mrs. Kent, Bonds Cay, Radlett, Herts.

*Hon. Dominion Secretary* : Miss E. Riddick, P.O. Box 1223, Wellington, New Zealand.

AUCKLAND, CHRISTCHURCH, *Christchurch North, Dunedin, Lyttelton, Mt. Eden, Nelson, North Shore (Auckland)*  
WELLINGTON.

## SOUTHERN AFRICA

*Hq. Staff* : Miss E. C. Potter, P.O. Box 8053, Johannesburg.

*Hon. Correspondent in England* : Mrs. Ellison, c/o 18 Byward Street, London, E.C.3.

## EASTERN PROVINCE :

*Hon. Area Secretary* : Miss A. Smith, St. Andrew's Preparatory School, Grahamstown, C.P.

ALICE, Butterworth, Cradock, EAST LONDON, GRAHAMSTOWN, Kingwilliamstown, PORT ELIZABETH, QUEENSTOWN,  
Somerset East.

## NATAL :

*Hon. Area Secretary* : Mrs. Harrington Johnson, 111 Silverton Road, Durban, Natal.

BEREA, DURBAN, Ixopo, Ladysmith, Pinetown.

## RHODESIA :

*Hon. Area Secretary* : Miss J. C. Rutherford, P.O. Box 596, Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia.

BULAWAYO, SALISBURY, Umtali.

## TRANSVAAL :

*Hon. Area Secretary* : Mrs. Webster, P.O. Box 7387, Johannesburg.

JOHANNESBURG, Klerksdorp, Pretoria, Zeerust.

## WESTERN PROVINCE :

*Hon. Area Secretary* : Miss Delbridge, The Nest, Raspenbury Road, Mowbray, C.P.

CAPE TOWN, Seapoint, Wynberg.

## LONE UNITS

*Hon. Secretary* : Mrs. Twinch, Overdale, Arthog Road, Hale, Cheshire.

## BELGIUM :

Brussels : Mrs. Haggis, 12 Rue Copernic, Uccle, Brussels.

## EAST AFRICA :

Nairobi : Miss C. Howard, P.O. Box 339, Nairobi, Kenya.